5.8.22.

From the Library of

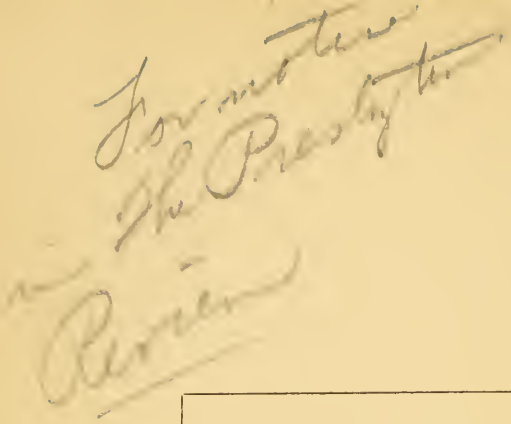
Professor Benjamin Breckinridge Warfield

Bequeathed by him to

the Library of

Princeton Theological Seminary

BX 5937 .T54 .W58 1888
Thompson, Hugh Miller, 1830-
1902.
The world and the kingdom



BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

COPY.

ESSAYS FROM AN EDITOR'S DRAWER

ON

RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND LIFE.

THIRD EDITION.

12MO. CLOTH BINDING. PRICE $1.50.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, PUBLISHER,

NEW YORK

The Bishop Paddock Lectures for 1888

THE WORLD AND THE KINGDOM

BY

HUGH MILLER THOMPSON

BISHOP OF MISSISSIPPI

NEW YORK
THOMAS WHITTAKER
2 AND 3 BIBLE HOUSE
1888

Copyright, 1888,
By THOMAS WHITTAKER.

RAND AVERY COMPANY, BOSTON,
MADE THIS BOOK.

THE BISHOP PADDOCK LECTURES.

In the summer of the year 1880, George A. Jarvis of Brooklyn, N.Y., moved by his sense of the great good which might thereby accrue to the cause of Christ, and to the Church of which he was an ever-grateful member, gave to the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church certain securities, exceeding in value eleven thousand dollars, for the foundation and maintenance of a Lectureship in said seminary.

Out of love to a former pastor and enduring friend, the Right Rev. Benjamin Henry Paddock, D.D., Bishop of Massachusetts, he named the foundation "The Bishop Paddock Lectureship."

The deed of trust declares that, —

"*The subjects* of the lectures shall be such as appertain to the defence of the religion of Jesus Christ, as revealed

in the *Holy Bible*, and illustrated in the *Book of Common Prayer*, against the varying errors of the day, whether materialistic, rationalistic, or professedly religious, and also to its defence and confirmation in respect of such central truths as the *Trinity*, the *Atonement, Justification*, and the *Inspiration of the Word of God;* and of such central facts as the *Church's Divine Order and Sacraments*, her historical *Reformation*, and her rights and powers as a pure and national Church. *And* other subjects may be chosen if unanimously approved by the Board of Appointment as being both timely and also within the true intent of this Lectureship."

Under the appointment of the board created by the trust, the Right Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Mississippi, delivered the Lectures for the year 1888, contained in this volume.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THESE Lectures are printed because the conditions upon which they were prepared and delivered demand it, and also because the writer hopes they may be found suggestive, and stimulating (whether of agreeing or opposing thought is no matter), to those for whom the Lectures on this Foundation are primarily intended — students and the younger clergy.

H. M. T.

NEW YORK, Lent, 1888.

CONTENTS.

LECTURE		PAGE
I.	The Law of Growth	11
II.	The Struggle for the Mastery . . .	37
III.	The Step-Child of Time	67
IV.	The Child in the Manger	93
V.	The Seed growing secretly	123

LECTURE I.

THE LAW OF GROWTH.

Then said he, Unto what is the kingdom of God like? and whereunto shall I resemble it?

It is like a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and cast into his garden; and it grew, and waxed a great tree; and the fowls of the air lodged in the branches of it.

And again he said, Whereunto shall I liken the kingdom of God?

It is like leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.

St. Luke xiii. 18-21.

THE WORLD AND THE KINGDOM.

LECTURE I.

THE LAW OF GROWTH.

IF God is to give a revelation of Divine knowledge to man, it must be given, being what man is, under limitations.

First, it must be given in human speech. There is, therefore, the Divine essence — the revelation; and the human clothing of the revelation — human words.

The Divine essence is always the same. The human expression must necessarily vary. Also, the human expression may be inadequate, or even erroneous.

The Old Testament revelation was given in Hebrew words, the New in Greek. The prophet or the evangelist used his own language, and his own style in that language, to express the eternal verities revealed in his spirit by the Holy Ghost.

The doctrine of a verbal inspiration was never that of the Church Catholic. It would involve us in this difficulty, — that, if words be an essential of the revelation, then the millions upon millions of Christian men have never read nor heard the revelation. The great translations — the Septuagint, the Latin Vulgate, Luther's German Bible, and the noblest translation of them all, the English version of King James — are, on that theory, not the revelation of God; and only here and there a rare scholar, in all the Christian centuries, has been able to read the written Word of God in the original Hebrew or Greek.

We accept this condition, then. We have the revelation in earthen vessels. The Divine thoughts are clothed in the speech of men, for the uses of men. So only does God reach men, by speaking in their own poor finite speech, as a mother speaks child-talk to her nursling.

And the human speech is always, perhaps, inadequate, except to express the infinite love and tenderness. All human speech is inadequate. The loftiest words of prophet or psalmist sound like broken words. They stumble and stagger and groan, as it were, under the burdens of the infinite meaning they bear.

Theological controversies have generally been

about the words, the human covering of the Divine revelation. So have come the bitterness, the wrath, and the divisions. "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life." Our Lord drew the distinction clearly between the Divine essential of the revelation, and the poor, small, human, finite words in which of necessity, to reach men, the revelation must be clothed.

But not only, under the conditions, must a revelation be made in human speech, and be capable of being put into any form of human speech, existing at the time, or afterwards to exist; but it must be made according to the way of human thinking at the time, and among the people, when it is given, and be capable of translation into the way of thinking and the way of looking at things among people in any age, and of any race, to the end of time. Else it fails of being understood.

The English language contains, we believe, the revelation made in Holy Scripture, adequately, completely. So does the German, the French, the Spanish. Yet these languages did not exist when the Holy Scriptures were written. No man doubts but that any human speech, now existing or hereafter to arise, will be competent to express all things necessary to man's salvation.

The language itself may even need conversion to Christianity, as St. Jerome converted the Latin, which by nature knew no Christ, no Saviour, and no repentance. But as Latin was converted, every tongue may be. All are capable of conversion, as the men who speak them are.

So the way of thinking, of looking at things, of considering man and the world, the past and the future, the beginning and the end, the meaning and the purpose, — what we may call *philosophy*, — will be always capable of receiving and conveying and illustrating the truth of revelation.

This way of thinking, or philosophy, varies as language does, among different people and in different ages. It may be as strange and foreign in some cases as a dead or foreign speech: nevertheless, the Divine revelation will fit to whatever truth there is in it, will submit to its methods, walk upon its lines, and find itself in accord and sympathy with whatever is real, genuine, and human in it.

At the time when our Lord was on the earth, there is no question that the way of looking at things, — the philosophy, so called, — among thinking and educated people, was a more or less modified Platonism.

The great Greek had influenced all serious-

minded men. I have no fear in saying that the New Testament may be truthfully called in some respects Platonic. I have no timid concern to explain away the fact that St. Paul's anthropology — his way of looking at man and his nature as three and not two, as body, soul, and spirit — is distinctly Platonic, as a philosophy. I am not concerned, either, to explain away the still more startling fact, that St. John in his Gospel uses a Platonic word to express an awful Christian mystery; and that the Holy Spirit through him names the Jewish Jehovah by the Greek and Platonic word Logos, and lifts it so to heights of which philosophy never dreamed.

I say I am not afraid nor concerned; because with the elder Greek fathers, and, as I believe, with St. John and St. Paul, I am fain to think that all wisdom comes from God, all deep, true, reverent, lofty thinking rises through the dark to the light eternal, and that from the seven lamps before His awful throne faint gleams fall upon all souls who are humbly trying to grope their way along those world's altar-stairs

"That slope through darkness up to God."

The truth in human thinking and the truth in God's revealing must be the same truth. The

eternal Teacher of St. Clement of Alexandria, who teaches Moses, teaches Socrates also, and is not only the Logos of St. John, but the Phos, — "the true Light that lighteth *every* man who comes into the world."

One needs not only to remember that theological controversies have been, I might say largely, not about the essence — the Divine part — of the revelation, but about its finite human expression; but also, when they have not been about the words, that they have centred around the philosophy, "the way of looking at things," that is.

It is no exaggeration to say that half the controversies about the deepest mysteries of the faith have been really controversies between idealism and sensitism, realism and nominalism, Plato and Aristotle the masters.

Yet both these find their place, and both have done theology high service.

As a modern writer of somewhat shallow books has somewhat dramatically shown, the Christian Church after many centuries utilized a heathen philosopher's physical theory to explain the doctrine of the eucharist, — Aristotle's theory of substance and accidents, that is, to explain and justify the new doctrine of transubstantiation in the twelfth century.

Aristotle's physical theory has met the common fate of physical theories, and has fallen childish now; but the metaphysics, "the way of looking at things," the philosophy as I call it, is independent of his physics; and Platonism and Aristotelianism, realism and nominalism, have been at the base of all theological controversies since the fourth century, and lie at the base of all such now, that have any thinking or any philosophy at all.

That is, both ways of thinking — any reasonable, reverent, serious way of considering mortal life at all — find the revelation capable of talking their language and going their way.

Truthful, earnest, human thinking, that is, strikes an accordant note with the Divine thought in revelation. Man is made in the image of God; and God's high thought, and man's poor small thought, if it be a true thought, are not at enmity, but in accord.

Now, the way of thinking in our own time, in Europe and America, is in some respects a new way.

It has arisen from the study and investigation of physical phenomena, which have never been so enthusiastically pursued as now.

When we examine closely as to actual attainment in those studies, we find that, after all, our

gains have not been great. The human mind has driven up at every turn against the profound dark of the unknown. The advances we have made have not been in knowing the essence of things, but in increased skill and facility in handling and using powers of which we absolutely know nothing in themselves.

We make the lightning, it is said, run our errands and light our streets; but we are as profoundly ignorant of what electricity is, as ever. Our advances and advantages have been gained for us rather by the practical men who did not waste their time in studying the science of the subject, but who set to work at once utilizing their material, content to let its essence remain unknown.

From the locomotive-engine, the telephone and the telegraph, to the reaping-machine, it is marvellously little we owe to the scientific people. The inventor of the steam-engine did not trouble himself about the correlation or conservation of energy, indeed, knew nothing about them under such names; and the inventor of the electric telegraph was content in his ignorance to call electricity a fluid, use it as he could, and let the rest go.

The leavening of our daily bread is a thing

familiar in all kitchens, and has so been for several thousand years; but our most learned chemists are disputing yet over at least three theories of the process. The unscientific baker happily does not trouble himself about the science of the subject, else we should have no rolls for our breakfast.

In a confused and wild way of writing and talking which has become too common, people have gotten the notion that we have mastered the secrets of nature, have discovered nearly all things unknown, and that our scientific men can explain every thing in nature.

On closer examination we find that we have discovered amazingly little; that the great mother veils her face, and wraps the sombre drapery about her stately form, and declines to be interviewed by no matter what scientific committee.

A certain uneasiness, it must be confessed, existed a while since, under the fancy that our discoveries in science had become so great that religion and Almighty God might be found the superfluous myths of an ignorant past. And so arose a considerable literature concerned about the reconciling of religion and science, — a literature, I venture to say, such as our children will look back upon with little reverence for the wisdom of their fathers; a literature where religion

and science were both at their weakest, and men were trying to apologize to the temporary theories of an hour, to the finder of a flint arrow-head or a human skull, for their belief in Almighty God, and eternal righteousness, and the awful mystery of human life; a literature only to be compared with its opposite, — that in which every experimentalist who had discovered a new microbe or a new chemical compound felt himself at once qualified to declare the throne of the universe vacant, and himself capable of explaining and accounting for all things seen and unseen.

Such literatures, pitiful and sad in the insincerity and abject fear of the one, and in the conceit and impertinence of the other, were cast up like scum and froth upon the surface, in the first ferment of an ignorant age just entering upon somewhat larger knowledge, — the bubbles of its sophomoric vanity. They will be both curious studies in psychology to the men of the twentieth century!

But the tide is already on the turn. We find, after all our boasting, that the world still remains where it was, and that the old secrets of the eternal stars and the gray deeps remain secrets still; and our more modest Science folds her hands before the sphinx, and confesses that she has

never seen and is now quite sure she never can see any thing as it *is*, but only as it *seems:* her field is phenomena, not reality. She sees that the grass is green; but why it is green, what makes it green, whether the green is in her eye or in the grass, what, in fact, green *is*, all the scientists in Europe and America are as ignorant about as their hide-clad ancestors in the time of Cæsar.

But while the study of phenomena has never revealed to us any thing but phenomena, it has originated a philosophy, a metaphysics, a way of looking at things, which is peculiar to our time, and has its influence upon all thinking people.

In plain English, that way is about this: That things *grow;* that an oak-tree presupposes an acorn, a chick an egg, an apple an apple-tree; that an effect has a cause; that things come regularly and in order; that beginnings of great things are very small things; that there are germs for all results; in fact, that "great oaks from little acorns grow," according to the old child rhyme; that all to-days are the children of yesterdays; that you can depend upon things, therefore; that law is uniform; that, as the wise man said long ago, "There is nothing new under the sun;" that times go by turns, and the world is a world of sowings and of harvests.

Though the doctrine be announced in sounding phrase and learned majesty, and call itself development, evolution, or what not, that is really what it is in English, — not very wonderful, after all, nor very formidable, and certainly thoroughly in accord with revelation up to this point. The addition made to it, that all this order and rule, these germs and growths, came by chance, is not of course Christian; but also it is not science.

Our scientific people have found this theory an admirable working hypothesis, at all events. It is a safe theory to go upon in the study of phenomena. One phenomenon is always supposed to be caused by another. The germ of any thing is to be supposed, sought for, whether it be the germ of a world, or the germ in a case of cholera. And good results may come to men from finding the germ of cholera, and killing it, or finding the germ of a newer and better world, and caring for and fostering it. For we do *not* want cholera, and we *do* want a new and better world.

Now, does revelation find itself at discord with this philosophy? Or can it express itself and make itself understood, explain and illustrate itself, in the language of our modern way of thinking? Is it in accord with the spirit of our time, as it has been with that of other times in

which it has given light and leading to the souls of men?

It is certainly a very different way of thinking from that of the last century. We had a brass-clock world then, wound up some thousands of years ago, and running by its original momentum ever since. The Maker occasionally interfered in the way of what were called special providences, when the machine got some people into difficulties, so the religious folk honestly believed and prayed; but really the scientific people had found out so much, as they thought, about what they were pleased to call the laws of nature, that after the machine was once started, there did not seem to science nor to religion either any necessity for a God, except to regulate the machine occasionally. The general idea, I think, was, that He had gone off, and was taking His ease, well pleased with His work which He had pronounced "good," and would not do much in any case, and generally ought not to be expected to do much, even for the elect, till the time came for Him to break the machine all to pieces and burn it up.

And yet men could devoutly read and believe their Bibles, and find something in them to accord with even such a poor, shallow, mechanic theory as this! We certainly owe it to our scientific

people, that they have made such a theory of the world forever impossible among thinking people. Whether their own theory may not be sent to keep it company by the scientific people of the twentieth century, is of no special consequence to anybody.

> "Our little systems have their day,
> They have their day, and cease to be."

The verities and realities remain the same.

But we may safely say that if Christian men could find the formulas of such a theory fit for their use, and even helpful, as they surely were, to the steadfastness of their faith and the comfort of their hope, they now need fear neither the language nor the formulas of any philosophic theory whatsoever.

Turning to the philosophy, if we may so call it, of our own time, and its relation to revelation, one is struck with two facts in the New Testament: first, the underlying doctrine of the uniformity of natural and spiritual processes; and, second, that development is the law of the spiritual kingdom.

The teaching of our Lord was by parable. "Without a parable spake he not unto them." Now, underlying every parable is the doctrine that the same law holds and the same power

works in the spiritual as in the material. Otherwise there could be no teaching by parable at all. "Consider the lilies, how they grow." What point in that, unless the Lord of the lily is the Lord also of the man, unless the law of lily growth and care be the law also of human growth and human care?

"A sower went forth to sow." He is type of the Lord Himself. But there is no meaning in it unless *all* seed-growth be the same. The law by which the sparrow lives is the law also by which the archangel lives. The stars in their courses are ruled by the same hand that feeds the ravens. In every parable the Lord assumes the sameness of the Worker and the sameness of the law by which He works, in the natural and in the spiritual both.

You may be perfectly familiar with this line of thought; and yet I must emphasize it, because, in my reading at least, I have not found it in discussions upon the parables sufficiently dwelt upon. The whole possibility of the teaching by parable rests upon the assumption that the law is the same in the spiritual and the material world; that out of the darkness sweeps one small segment of a measureless circle, but that small segment, understood and measured, will give us

the magnificent curve of law which encloses the earth and hell and heaven, and touches the throne of God.

The Christian man calls it the will of God, the uniform energy of the unchangeable Lord, who is present, immanent, creative in all worlds, and the same in all, so that His working in the lowest explains His working in the highest, since "in Him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

The scientific man calls it the uniformity of law, or any name he pleases. The fact is the same under any name. But surely the revelation of "Him who changeth not," the Lord "who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," has no quarrel with a theory which declares that Science has at last discovered, in her poor way, what that revelation proclaimed forty centuries ago, and which, eighteen centuries since, the Lord Jesus Christ took as the foundation of that most touching, tender, and wonderful of all teaching, — the teaching by parable, when He spake as never man spake, and baptized our poor, old, commonplace world with the light that belonged to it too, the one light and the one law of the Father who is in earth and heaven and hell the same.

But again, in the case of His own kingdom,

which He has come to preach and establish, He makes the law of its growth always a development.

It leads to much that it will be wholesome to ponder on: that this law should be plainly announced, and lie upon the pages of the New Testament, and be publicly read and preached for eighteen centuries as the law of the eternal and spiritual kingdom; and that after those centuries it should be at last discovered, as a sort of triumph of human reasoning, to be the law of the temporal and phenomenal, or what we call natural, kingdom also!

"The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation." "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." "The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard-seed, which a man cast into his garden; and it grew, and waxed a great tree, and the fowls of the air came and lodged in the branches." "The kingdom of God is like leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened."

Here is plainly laid down the law of seeds and germs and cells, of silent growth and unnoticed working, of development from the little to the great, of life organizing itself out of the dark, of development from the germ.

And this is declared to be the way and order of growth, not only of the kingdom of heaven in its outward organized appearance, but in its inner spiritual nature, growing in the heart of a man. "The kingdom of heaven is within you." But, indeed, need we be surprised? since, going to the very beginning, we find this: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed. It shall bruise thy head." It was a small germ enough, — such a promise; but out of it grew the Jewish Church, the Law of Moses and the Psalms of David, the prophecies of Isaiah, the Temple of Solomon, the Four Gospels, at last all sacraments and liturgies, all theologies, all churches, and all missions.

A child lies in the feeding-trough of the khan at Bethlehem. There was another beginning and another germ, small enough, humble enough, in the manger. But the manger held a Roman Empire converted, the civilization of the rulers of the coming world, the art of Italy, the law and literature of Europe, the poems of Shakspeare, the discovery of America.

The mustard-seed grows, the leaven works unseen. The whole history, like the whole teaching, is of germs of life and vital seed devel-

oping, as all things grow in nature, noiselessly, invisibly, by the will and power of God.

The theology of the Catholic Church, I need scarcely remind you, has always been in accord with the Lord's teaching in this matter. The spiritual life, in her view, has always come from an implanted germ in the individual soul. Her position herein has been assailed, and sometimes blindly and bitterly; but she has never faltered in her allegiance to the Master's teaching. The germ sown in holy baptism she sowed in His name in faith and prayer, and looked to see develop after its kind, "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." She has not looked to convert the world by cyclones of religious fervor, though cyclones have their place, nor to bring in the kingdom with drum-roll and trumpet-blare. She has followed and believed in the power of patient culture, of slow growth, of watchful care, of hereditary faith, of household sanctities, of a mother's crooning cradle-hymn, of a father's prayers, of a faithful pastor's watch and guard, of catechizing and creed teaching, of a religion that forms character and grows into life by the fireside, in the school, in the Church, among baptized children.

And in all this she has walked with human

wisdom and science, as with divine. Other theories have been noisy, aggressive, condemnatory. But Wisdom is justified of all her children: and thoughtful people are fast seeing that here, too, the growth is by order and law; that character comes from seed sown and developed in fitting seed-beds; and that the grandest growth, — the growth of a Christian man, — like the growth of a lichen, is a growth by a fixed order which we can understand and provide for.

Consider, then, with me, what should be our attitude, as Christian men, toward the way of thinking of our time.

We must *live* in our own time. We may mourn for the "ages of faith," as some have called them, but it is an unreasonable and weak regret. The past has gone into the darkness of its dead years, and taken with it its own difficulties and its own advantages. Our age is no less a day of God than any past, and it is clear that a man must do his work, and fail or triumph, for his own generation. Whether or no, we are dominated by what the Germans call the "*Zeit-Geist*," — the spirit of our day. He is somewhat of a fantastic oddity who thinks to live outside it, or to wall it out; and he is scarce a believer in a living God if he do not accept his own century for as good and blessed

and divine a century as any in which God has reigned.

Men of the day, we are in the tide of the thoughts of our day. It is where God has placed us. Let us humbly thank Him therefor, and do the work that is our own and no man's else.

This attitude accepts gladly and thankfully all discoveries, all advance in knowledge, all honest, helpful, serious thinking which clears difficulties and brings light. Believing in God, it not only tolerates but welcomes any fact or truth of God's, working reverently, thankfully, and fearlessly.

The truth or fact will find its place at last built into the temple of God, a carved stone for some column, or an ashlar for some buttress.

Draw a broad distinction between the revelation, and our poor human inferences therefrom. Do not fear lest, when any theory of ours about religion is made untenable, that therefore religion is henceforth impossible.

There is no threatened destruction of our divine religion, no breach in its walls, no crumbling of its towers. Man is a religious animal. Whatever else he is or is not, he is that. However you may explain his becoming so, that is the fact, —just as scientific and unquestionable a fact as the Pacific Ocean, and the Isthmus of Panama.

It stands facing all theories, with unblenching eyes.

And another fact stands equally a matter of science, and equally unassailable: that, wheresoever He has been presented to that instinct in man, Jesus of Nazareth has been accepted as its satisfaction and completion, as the incarnate fulfilment of all human ideals, and the Mediator and Daysman between man and God.

The Catholic faith is a religion of facts, not of speculations. For Christ is His own religion, Christ is Christianity. And that faith is correlated to other facts, to the world, and to man. Here lies the heart of the whole; and a scientific religion can be built, if it be worth while, upon this, — Jesus Christ Himself, however, the corner-stone.

It is my purpose, in these lectures, to look at certain matters of religion and the Church of God in the lights of our own time; to go with, in some important respects, and not against, the way of thinking about us. I think we shall find some things clearer by that method; at all events, that we can use the language of our day reverently and fearlessly upon the sacred mysteries of our faith, and think upon the loftiest things in the way men think upon the lowest. But, O Light and Love

divine! without whom no sparrow falls, nor any star burns out into the dark, how know we what is lofty and what is lowly, in ourselves, in Thy worlds, or in Thee? One thing we know: that Thou changest not, that Thy Almighty love and care are over all Thy children, and all the work of Thy hands, and that Thy works reveal Thee and praise Thee, whether they be the morning stars that sing together when a world is born, or an insect that hums in the noonday beam.

Along the winding shores of the blue Ægean went from echoing cliff to cliff the cry one day, "Great Pan is dead!" And the Dryads heard it in the wood, and the Nymphs by the fountains uttered it, and fled from classic stream and hill and headland. A religion died.

And later, once again, a cry more mournful moaned among the rocking pines and along the desolate fiords of the North, "Balder is dead, Balder the beautiful!" And Odin and Thor and mother Freya faded into the gray mists of their dim Walhalla forever. A religion died.

Yes, religions have died. But they die before the face of the white Christ, who died to conquer, and rose again, and is alive for evermore, King of kings, and Lord of lords.

LECTURE II.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE MASTERY.

And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it.

GEN. i. 28.

And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

GEN. iii. 15.

And unto Adam He said, . . . Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.

GEN. iii. 17–19.

LECTURE II.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE MASTERY.

MAN stood an exile at the gate of Eden. There had been a duty given, and now also there is a promise. "Replenish the earth, and subdue it," was the command. "The seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent," is the promise, in the face of the admitted evil.

Here is the revealed starting-point of human history. Admit the mystery and the dimness of the making and the fall; here, at least, is a beginning which has a rational and scientific possibility.

Man stands facing a wild world, — a world of briers and thorns, of hostile powers and manifestations, a world of frosts and fires, of tempests and hail, of earthquakes, lightnings, and volcanoes, of evil beasts and evil airs, of pestilent swamp and reeking morass, of floods and droughts, — and he is told to master it. It is the

charter by which he holds his place upon it, that he is subduing it.

And face to face with evil in this guise, — the evil of apparently lawless power, unsubdued to rationality and sweet human use, — there comes to him the warning, "It shall bruise thy heel." "Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee." There will be sore toil and pain. The years shall be gloomed with darkness, and their days and nights thick with human cries and tears. Thy feet will be wounded on the flints, and thy hands torn with the thorns. Thou shalt be heavy burdened and sore smitten all thy years, and die, and make a passage with thy bleaching bones for thy children's children to march over. Sickness and sorrow and death shall be thine, and thou shalt fail and perish, and in thy day see no sign. But the end is sure. "Thou shalt bruise his head." The seed of the woman shall triumph. Evil, typified by the serpent, even in its outward manifestation of material unrest and unreason, shall be trampled down. The mother's son shall stand at last, bruised, wounded, bleeding, but victor, with the conquering heel upon the serpent's crest, the world's master, and his own, because the son of the woman is also the Son of God.

It is the reading of all the myths. We might

expect it so. If, as is most rational to believe, all myths are shadowy remembrances of a primal reality, — the common knowledge and faith of the race before it was scattered, — there is a satisfactory explanation. But even if myths be but the common expression of the common experience of humanity struggling with its environment, the sameness is accounted for.

The giants of the frosts and the fires, with which our Norse forefathers believed the children of the East — the Aeser — wrestled in sore pain, and held subdued by force of hourly vigilance and straining strength, are only other names for the fiercer and more malignant Rakshasas of India, against whom men and Indra strive without ceasing.

But, myths apart, it is the fact of history, and now, at last, the proclamation of science.

From the gray dawn of his birth, as far as we have history of him in any shape at all, man has been at spear's point with the world. He has held his own in it everywhere and always by the strong hand. Relax his struggle, sleep on his watch, and he sinks to the savage, half way to the brute. He tames the world, or the world imbrutes him. There has never been any other issue from the north pole to the south, with white

man or black man. Man, to be a man, must *subdue* his environment.

It is the dream of a fantastic and sickly sentimentality, that man lives well when he lives in peace with Nature. She has marshes to drain; he must drain them, or die of malaria. She has forests to be felled, burned up, rooted away, or he starves. She has rivers to wall in, or his harvests and his house are swept away. She has seas to wall out, or he must blot brave Holland from existence, and many a fair green land beside. She has tides and tempestuous seas and the shattering surge upon the harbor-bar to master, or he is cut off from his kind. She has mountain-sides into which he must rend and hammer his way, or he has no temples for his God and no palaces for his king. She has caverns to be searched with fire and iron, or he has no plough for his fields and no embers upon his hearth. He must delve and trench and carve, must tear and trample and burn, wall out and wall in, and be master above and below, in water, in earth, and in air, or he can have no London and no New York.

He builds a cathedral because he has subdued. He gets his dinner because he has subdued, also. He builds a palace for his learning or his law, because in so far as he has mastered. He builds

a cottage in his little field on the same condition. The Capitol in Washington is a symbol of his triumph. The log cabin in a Western clearing attests also the presence of the world-subduer.

Here is a creature, the weakest and tenderest of all things animal on the face of the earth, with neither teeth nor claws to rend, nor fur nor feather to cover him, who can neither fight nor run nor hide, can neither plunge into the water nor soar into the air, whom the sun burns and the cold freezes; and this creature accepts the situation, and fights the world in which he lives tooth and nail for breathing-room and his dinner to begin with, and then, flushed with his victory, declines to make peace on any terms save final abject surrender, heel on head, — tired, wounded, aching, bleeding, but heel on head, — so only will he stand when his highest consciousness wakens, — the *savant* just as fierce and tireless for new victories in knowledge, and new grasps upon Nature's powers, as the hungry savage for the roots or prey that will supply his wigwam. And now science, as it is called, comes, and repeats in its language, as if it were a new discovery of its own, the old statement of the law of human position in the world, declared in Genesis, shadowed dimly in every myth, faint echo of the primal

experience and the primal command, and told on every page of human story where there are pages at all!

"Developing?" Yes, developing since the dawn! Always developing, that is the story of the race. Developing from *what?* Upon that, all science is dumb. You may guess, and your guess may be right or wrong, but it is only a *guess.* The known fact is, that whenever man is found in history, on the book page, on the clay cylinder, on the hieroglyphic monolith, in the cave drift, he is always developing, and developing by fighting his surroundings. Developing *to* what? Again science only guesses.

Not a beast of prey, he is always in battle. His story in Genesis and his story in the Pyramids, his story in the Abbeville caves and his story on the Acropolis of Athens, is the story of a creature always fighting, always wounded, and yet always victorious.

It is not a story of uniform victory. There are repulses and defeats all along the line now and then. Here and there even a whole wing gives way and falls to the rear, — a false development perishes, — but the march is straight on, of the whole army. Putting aside guesses, fantastic speculations and dreams of the scientific or other

imagination, the visible fact is, that, whenever we deal with facts, man is steadily advancing, steadily conquering, steadily developing, and more and more subduing the world.

And mark here, that this development does not come from any struggle for existence merely. In man's case it is a struggle for mastery, rather than a struggle to be. In other cases, the existence secured, the creature is at peace with the environment. The fish does not fight the sea. The eagle accepts the air. The tiger is content with the jungle. Suppose their development, up to this point, due to struggle with the environment for existence; having reached it, there is no effort further.

The strange, unique position of man with reference to his environment is that he declines to accept it, declines to consider it final; absolutely objects to sea and sky and land, to mountain, valley, or stream, until each has submitted to him and confesses him master. He refuses to compromise with the lightning after he has made it harmless to his roof. He declines to rest content with Franklin's truce. He insists on collaring it with iron, and sending it round the world on his errands, labelled with his name.

His position toward his environment has been

always that of conscious opposition. We say he becomes accustomed to the heat, or accustomed to the cold. In a real sense he does neither. The Siberian fossil elephant is wool-covered. The African elephant is hairless. That is, in each case the environment conquered the animal as far as such modification. But the Eskimo is quite as unprotected from cold, as far as his person is concerned, as is the African. In each case the man masters the environment. He defends himself from the cold, and defends himself from the heat, alike defying both.

But he is modified? Yes, but how much? Take him in his highest development, and he will face the Arctic circle one year and equatorial Africa the next, and you will meet him, unchanged by either, the year after in a New-York drawing-room. He has beaten the cold, and beaten the heat, and remains unmodified by either, — a prosperous, civilized gentleman.

Start at the Gulf, and follow up the great river to Lake Itasca. Grass and flower, plant and tree, bird and insect, reptile and quadruped, change as you go. You leave one form behind, and find another. The orange of New Orleans disappears for the pawpaw of Ohio; and the cane-brake of Louisiana is changed for the cranberry-swamp

of Wisconsin, for the wild-rice marsh of Minnesota. The mocking-bird's song is left in the South, and the loon screams on the blue lakes of the North. But while all in sky and land and water has changed, one creature alone has not changed. The American man is the same in Louisiana and Minnesota, in Alabama and Dakota. He declines to change with the changing degrees. He knows no North and no South. The whole land and the long river are his own: he has subdued both.

It is not man's effort to come into harmony with his environment, but to make the environment come into harmony with him. The farther he develops, the less is it the question whether he fits the environment, and the more it is the question whether the environment fits him. The ratio of his progress is the ratio of his indifference to his environment, because it expresses the measure of his power to make the environment what he will.

The relation of man to the world in which he lives is that of master, then. It may be in abeyance for years; but develop his powers, and that is the result. He sees no force in nature that he does not undertake to understand and use. His instinct is unerring. "I ought to understand that.

I ought to be able to turn it to account. I am not able to-day. Some day I shall be." Outside his power, things are lawless and irrational. They need to be captured, collared, and branded, and made to do the bidding of the master. Continent, island, ocean, all are the same. They need exploring, mapping, investigating, mastering. The North-west Passage has not been found. But while men are men, the quest of years will never be abandoned. Men will not be frighted from it by the frozen shapes of the pilgrims who have fallen by the way, nor by the white death that watches from the ghostly ice-cliffs. The secret of the pole will be discovered, and the Arctic circle marked upon our charts some day with no omissions of pale crag or shadowy headland.

There is a development, then, of man upon the earth. And it has an end. The development results in sovereignty. Nature, if you call her so, is developing her master. It is unique among developments, but not irrational. The force called will — personal will — comes in among the blind forces, as a special force from the outside at last, and asserts itself, insisting upon its own pleasure and its own way. In the highest type of man there is that sort of imperiousness about it, which instinctively attacks every other force as hostile,

until it has brought it to subjection. In fact, it scarce admits the right of any other force to be, unless as amenable and obedient to itself.

The revealed idea of the world is that it is an unfinished world. Pronounced "good," the world is not absolute, but relative, good for the purpose of its Maker. And to be good for that purpose, it must be a developing world, fitted for a developing master and occupant. It is nowhere represented as a satisfactory and perfected thing. Man is its Maker's foreman for completing it, and the first command is also a commission. Until it is brought under the control of a personal reason and will, it is somehow savage and lawless. With capacities of beneficence and good, these capacities are not developed and made active to a rational creature, but by the control of a rational will.

I am not disturbed in this view by the fact that man often misuses the world. It is of the very essence of his condition as a developing creature, that he should make mistakes, and even do great wrongs; trials which result in nothing, efforts which do harm. He develops by his blunders as by his prudence, grows by his mistakes as by his wisdom. He can only learn the right way after trying a dozen wrong ways.

A complete and perfect world, all of whose powers were visible, all its laws plain, all its ways, all its resources palpable, would be a good world possibly for some imaginable intelligences, but not a good world for a creature gradually groping upward and onward toward higher conditions. A perfect world requires, and is only fit for, a perfect occupant.

Science has arrived at last at the inspired conception of an imperfect world, — a world which is growing, developing, progressing; the outcome of ages of toil and wrestle, and agony, and death, but yet only the germ of the world that is yet to be.

But Science is necessarily dumb as to the purpose. She only knows what she sees. She cannot tell us the beginning of this, nor the end. Indeed, she is compelled in her unhelped thinking to say that it has no purpose, no beginning, and no ending.

Yet such is the quality of the human intellect, that it will not be content. Its demand is for reasons and meanings, for causes and purposes. Truer than science, as sometimes presented, it demands that things shall be accounted for, that they shall be rational, that there shall be germs to develop, and an outcome to the development; that every thing means something, is connected

with a series of other things, is one link in a chain which is endless; insists on things being reasonable, that is, and therefore reasons about them; has an innate compulsion, driving it to ask, "*Why* are these things so?"

It would be just intellectual suicide to content one's self with labelling and tabulating *phenomena*. The meaning and the purpose of the phenomenon — what does the thing mean? what is it for? — is the problem of men. The beast just eats the phenomenon, or drinks it, and thinks no more about it.

I think, in the pursuit of a meaning for the questions of the world and man, the meaning revealed as the historic faith has taught from the beginning is entirely rational, and ignores or distorts no fact.

The world is God's. It is an incomplete world, a world that yet needs ordering and reducing and humanizing; a developing world, as science would phrase it. Phrasing is of no account: we want the fact, not the phrase. God is working at it yet. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

And such a world is fitted for an imperfect being who needs ordering and reducing himself, patient training, slow growing from the deep descent where the commission finds him, to the lofty

heights which are declared to be his goal, — a developing being, you see, as science phrases it again; and again I say the phrase is nothing, we are looking to the fact.

God gives the earth to this creature of His, because in every condition, no matter how low-fallen, how lost and degraded, there is that in him which broadly marks him from every other creature on the earth: he is capable of mastering it. He has the seal of a Maker upon him, in his meanest estate. He is in a peculiar sense the son of the Maker, and in the image of the Maker. He is on his Father's ground to obey, to command, to endure; for he has a will.

His business is to break the earth in to obedience; to clean the foul things out, and prosper the pure; to restrain the lawless — and *his* judgment shall decide what is lawless, with no appeal; to destroy the savage, to drive out the evil. It is his to say whether a mountain shall stand, or be cast into the sea; whether a river shall flow at its own will, or be diked in and driven to the sea as he wills; whether a forest shall remain, or a corn-field shall stand in its place; whether the sands of Suez shall drift at the wind's will, or a river for his ships shall flow at human will; whether the Atlantic and the Pacific shall be walled apart as he

finds them, or he shall burst the dividing mountain barriers and make them for his uses one.

Grant a Maker at all, and this is all rational. This being is the son and heir, the prospective proprietor of the estate. The Maker fits it for other creatures, — that is all reasonable too, — but the son is the master, he must fit it for himself. He must be left, too, to decide what other creatures shall remain his tenants. As he does not hesitate to uproot a mountain, or turn a river out of its bed, or clear half a continent of its forests, so he does not hesitate to annihilate ten million buffaloes, and extinguish a whole animal species, because he needs the room they occupy. The mastership of the world he lives in is a part of his consciousness. He will not hesitate to-morrow to turn Sahara into an inland sea, if he sees any good for himself in it; and in doing it he will be restrained by no fear lest any thing should go wrong in the ocean's tides or the earth's rainfall, and by no dread lest he should extinguish a whole race of animals off the face of the earth.

The insolence of power, one says? But by himself he has *no* power. As an animal he would perish in one generation. His power rests in this, that he has mastered certain secrets and powers of what we call nature, and has turned them

against herself. This mastery so far is the pledge of mastery further. He has lost, so far, any dread of her, has learned that her strongest forces are controllable by a will. And he has a will. No other thing alive on earth has. And his will is imperial, admits no opposition.

In the play of force between man and his environment, both are influenced. So much Science can tell us, and has hardly ceased standing astounded at its own acuteness in observing so plain and visible a fact.

But whereas the end of the struggle with the environment in all other animals is peace and content, man's struggle with his environment never ceases. The bird builds a nest to suit at last, let us say, after many trials as some tell us; but when the perfect fitness is reached, its descendants go on building exactly the same kind of nest for a thousand years.

Man builds a palace at mighty labor and enormous cost. But no palace was ever built on earth which satisfied the builder, or which the next builder did not at once propose to improve. This is a type of the whole situation. Man has never yet made nor found an environment to suit him; and there is not the slightest scientific indication that, upon this earth, he ever will. There is a

vast difference between Windsor Castle and the royal palace of Dahomey; and yet so far beyond them both is the possible ideal in a highly developed intellect and imagination, that the difference becomes infinitesimal.

But the clash of forces — personal will against material obstruction — still trains the man, and still subdues the material; develops both, as we may say.

The end is the making of perfect men, according to revelation. Is there any thing unscientific in that? The end, it seems, of all the struggle for existence, survival of the fittest, re-action of environment, and the rest, has been in one case a perfect tiger, in another a perfect eagle.

We admit their perfection after their kind. It satisfies our conceptions, our sense of the fitness of things. In its way there can be nothing better. The end has come for the striped monarch in the jungle, for the red-eyed monarch of the mountain summit, —

> "Who clasps the crag with crooked hands,
> Beneath the sun, in lonely lands."

But man has not attained perfection. As no work of his has ever yet satisfied his own ideal,

so no man (One excepted) has ever yet satisfied himself or other men.

A case of arrested development we can understand, and leave it in its ugliness and ineffectiveness. But here development still goes on. Here still is the passionate protest against imperfection, and the determined effort to understand the reason and remove it.

As man protests against his own imperfection, so he protests against the world's. He is wrestling with both. He never saw a field that might not be fairer, a lake that might not be a clearer azure, a sunset that might not flame in more magnificence of purple and golden splendor, nor a sunrise whose spires of gleaming fire might not burn with a greater glory of the dawn. He is the world's critic, as he is his own, and pronounces no work of either perfect.

Who is this daring being who stands beneath the infinite blue of the star-sown spaces, on the green graves where his fathers' bones are bleaching into dust again, child of an hour, soon to lay his own beside them, and arraigns himself, his race, its sages, its heroes and its demigods, his fathers for all the ages, as imperfect, failures, abortions of a splendid possibility, rubbishy attempts at what man ought to be in his conception; and who

arraigns the world he stands on equally, finds fault with its days and nights and the procession of its years, criticises its sunlight and its starlight, the flow of its rivers, the roar of its cataracts, and the sweep of its seas? criticises all in

> "The vision and the faculty divine;"
> The light that never was on sea or land."

Is man an exile? That is the declaration of revelation, and it certainly accounts for what we see. The vision of other worlds is about him, across his dreams comes the splendor that sleeps upon the hills of Paradise. He is a prince, discrowned and wandering, but a prince still, royal though in peasant's guise; and no wonder the dim memory of the palaces and the halls raises a standard impossible when he would garnish the hut of a peasant, or content himself with the beauty of the clodded glebe. There can be no end to his toil until the world is made again in the image of his home.

I confess I can see no rational way of accounting for this position of man, except the revealed way. There has been no theory drawn from natural knowledge which at all fills the requirement, except it be in the conceit of the maker. No generalization of imperfections makes a per-

fect. Nothing that man has known by the senses can have created the ideal before which all sensations are poor and mean and pale.

The principle of heredity might give us some scientific help. These visions, glimpses, dreams of a perfect world, are they the faint memories of ancestral condition, as the biologists tell us still remain in creatures whose customs and habitat have long since changed? The answer of revelation is plain. Whatever one may make of Paradise and the Fall, it is clearly the story of an ancestry in other conditions and another environment. At all events, it is quite impossible, I think, to get a scientific explanation of man's peculiar attitude in any other way. And I think, if the turning-about of the domestic dog two or three times before he lies down be the remains of and the evidence for the ancestral condition, when wild dogs turned thus to break down the grass for a bed, it is not unscientific to hold that man's peculiar attitude toward the world, and his peculiar manner of dealing with it, may be a reminiscence of an ancestral condition when he was consciously and knowingly in accord with his environment, because he was God's vicegerent, and everywhere the master in a world that obeyed him.

By the light of revelation upon the case, he is struggling in no blind wrestle. There is a purpose ahead, and it is definite. Revelation declares it to be the recovery of a lost estate. His perfection has had its type visible upon the earth. Perfect humanity is not a dream. A perfect world is not a dream. By the confession of enemies and friends alike, one Man stands out from the historic page perfect, flawless. "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" That challenge flashed out into the face of man has never been accepted.

In Jesus Christ, God sees His ideal of human nature. Such it was meant to be, such was His purpose in the making of it, and such it can be again. Because it can be such, God endures it. Otherwise one sees not how it escapes being the most absurd and inconsequential of all things existing. There in the Four Gospels is the story of a real Man, His words and His acts; and the revelation declares that such a pattern is attainable; and the whole purpose of the world, and its development of man, and his development, the end of all the centuries of stress and strain, of toil and endeavor, is to bring man in the individual, and in the mass, nearer to that likeness.

And this Man must be definitely set outside the

law of development, as distinct, exceptional, and unique. To say nothing else, the law requires that Christianity be a growth like all else, and improve and differentiate in growing. But the only perfect Christian was Jesus Christ Himself. Eighteen centuries of Christianity has brought forth no Christian to be named with the Founder. Its perfection is the germ; and all development is to get back to the germ again. "I am Alpha," but also "Omega," — the First and the Last, the beginning and the ending.

This Man, no development Himself, out of the ordinary stream of earthly causation entirely, claims to be the Son of God, and therefore, in the only utterly perfect sense, the Son of man.

His life is the genuine human life; His position, the genuine human position; His attitude towards the world, the perfect attitude of perfect men. It is never to be forgotten, that the Christian definition of humanity is Christ Himself, because He is God's definition.

Now, what was His attitude toward the world, — toward His environment? He was absolute Master and Lord of it!

"The winds and the sea obey Him." "Peace, be still!" The water is as firm under His feet as the land. He walks upon the sea. As the earth

yields bread to other men by toil, she yielded Him food for the five thousand at a wish. Leprosy vanishes at his word. Disease disappears in his presence. The blind see, and the deaf man hears, and the lame walks. Death is at His command, and answers to the Master. Everywhere Nature and all her forces are His obedient servants. He is in all places sovereign. His will asserts itself, and Nature obeys. It is a perfect human will, and omnipotent over all things, because, being a perfect human will, it is one with the Divine.

And on this matter of the will, observe, He not only asserts His own, He appeals constantly to others to assert theirs. He makes will the power imperial. He demands faith for the curing, — that is, in the final analysis, the accord of the other's will with His own, and the belief in will. "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." "I will! be thou clean."

It will scarcely meet the case here, to deny these things which we call miracles. If the revealed theory be true, they are simply normal and natural to the Man who is the perfect man. That is, after all, the conception of them in the New Testament. They are revelations of what is possible, what is even necessary, when men are in their true relations.

These things the sons of God do, so the one true Son showed by doing them. This way the sons of God live, so He showed by living. "Greater works than these shall ye do," was His own word.

That men could have conceived such an ideal, supposing the miracles inventions of men, is a harder thing to explain than the admission of their truth. Is it possible to conceive where they got this idea of what a perfect man ought to do and ought to say, and how such an one would stand toward Nature? For, mark, it is not merely wonder-works and strange manifestations: these have been imagined, and may be again. It is the whole situation, — the works and their surroundings, their moral character; and His who does them. They are a part of the whole conception. They belong to the character; and I hesitate not to assert, with thousands of thoughtful men, that for the men of his day, or indeed any day, to have imagined and wrought out the conception of Jesus Christ, would have been a wonder more unexplainable, more bewildering, than any miracle or all the miracles recorded in Old Testament or New.

Observe here that I am not dwelling upon the moral so much now, but rather upon the physical

side of man's mastery of the world. That mastery has been too often looked upon as a mere blind struggle of forces; and in the explanations given of it, or the non-explanations, from the agnostic or material side, that is all it is, and the end is of no consequence in any case.

We are told that the time is coming when the poor earth shall be exhausted of all force, and swing cold and frozen in the blackness of icy space; sun, moon, and stars all gone dead about it. An ingenious gentleman has explained that cheerful theory as the established "scientific" one, in a neat little book which is quite seriously intended.

The factors of a Maker, and a tenant in the Maker's likeness, — so much so that he is taught to call the Maker his Father, — the factors of sense and will, eliminated out of the whole affair, such an end is perhaps natural enough, and at all events is just as good an end as a stupid affair of the sort deserves. Indeed, one wonders rather that it has, being without any sense, kept from going to some sort of smash so long.

It is a relief to see, however, the common-sense way in which men that are *not* scientific go right on beautifying, bettering, civilizing the world, making their homes upon it, finding daily

new riches in it, mastering it continually to sweeter, fairer uses, — doing just what the Maker told them to do with it from the first, in simple confidence in God and in themselves.

For the Christian faith gives us the future, as it does the present. In the prayer, "Our Father which *art* in Heaven," past, present, and future meet in one eternal Now.

Duty where a man is, the duty at his feet, — that is for man. To aid the doing of the duty, to guard the doer, to bless the thing done, and roll out the future in its order, — this is God's.

What catastrophe may be signified in the awful words of St. Peter, the Church has not decided, and no man knows. But that there is among all the stars that roll, and all the suns that shine, some special grace and love for the little world whose bread the Lord ate, whose water He drank, whose air He breathed, which He baptized with the sweat-drops of Gethsemane and the blood and water of Calvary, is a conviction inevitable to the Christian. Christ, in some sense, redeemed the earth itself.

So it is a duty, as one of our scientists undertakes to tell us, — leaving his "science" and turning preacher for the time, — it is our duty "to make some small spot upon the earth better and

brighter." But for this duty we Christians can give a sanction: "science" can give none, — science, which tells us that all is upon its road into icy blackness and the perfect equilibrium of eternal death.

It is our duty, because the earth is our Father's, and He has given it to the children of men, His children; because we are His tenants upon it, and responsible; because His eternal Son lived our life upon it, died, was buried upon it, and rose from it; because it is a ransomed earth, once trodden by the feet of God.

Therefore it is not mere caprice, but duty, that we toil to civilize it, to make it rational, human, healthful, kindly, fair, and bountiful. And we do our daily work under God's blessing, doing it manfully, dutifully. He shall bring it to a right, reasonable, and good end.

And some day we shall see that mortal life is indeed a struggle, a sore wrestle with laboring lungs and throbbing veins, and straining muscles and aching brain. But it is not a fight of wolves or jackals for carrion, that the greediest and the strongest may survive. It is God's battle, and man's, a grand fight of knights and brothers and gentlemen, under the eternal Man our Brother and our King, shoulder to shoulder, against all

that is foul and false and base and bad, because these are our Father's enemies and the world's enemies as they are our own, and have no business here, in the final idea, upon God's green world, and under the eyes and hands of the children of God and the soldiers of our Lord Jesus Christ.

LECTURE III.

THE STEP-CHILD OF TIME.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.

For the earnest expectation of the creation[1] *waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creation was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope. Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.*

ROM. viii. 18–21.

[1] Revised Version.

LECTURE III.

THE STEP-CHILD OF TIME.

OUR battle with the material world, which God put us upon the earth to fight, goes bravely on, these days, they tell us. There is loud boasting, in some quarters, of our success. We have found out, it is said, so many secrets, we have mastered so many resources, that we may consider ourselves at last certain of the victory, and may even claim the estate for our own, and refuse to recognize the Landlord!

And this conceit, natural enough under the circumstances, has made us arrogant and presumptuous, as if we possessed all knowledge and could answer all doubts, and get on very well without a God or a revelation of His will.

This also, an intellectual effervescence of the time, is not to be wondered at; nor, surely, should we wonder that in some quarters there should be a feeling of fear and distrust, as if faith were endangered by material knowledge, and men

were about to be left lost children on the shore of an infinite black deep, from whence can come no answer to their cries but the moan of winds and the sullen plunging of desolate seas.

There are voices prompt to say that this is the position into which we are forced by science. We must be content to consider ourselves products of the earth we are mastering, beginning with it, ending with it, — not sons of God and heirs of the infinite, but temporary products of an hour, growths of the dust, to return again to the dust without hope.

Now, granting freely our increased knowledge, and being thankful therefor, one asks, first of all, Wherein has it profited? Are we nearer than were our fathers to reading the riddle of existence? Have we solved a single one of the original questions that are vital to humanity? Have we made life one whit more worth the living?

We have made some beginnings toward the great triumph of reason and will over the brutal stupidity of things without mind. Let the boasters, for the present, make the most of our small attainments. To me they are mainly valuable as an earnest of the vaster knowledge coming, and the vaster power. But is human life happier? Have men become more content?

Because we travel by rail and not by stage-coach, have our messages sent by electricity and not on horseback, our clothes stitched by machines and not by hand, oleomargarine on our breakfast-tables instead of butter, and instead of sugar glucose, are we so much wiser and better than our fathers?

How many Chicagos are the equivalent of one Athens? How many millionnaire manufacturers of lard from cotton-seed go to the making of one Plato? How many glucose-factories equal one Parthenon? Would you swap "Macbeth" or "King Lear" for the longest railroad in the United States? or "Paradise Lost" for all the pork ever packed, or all the lard ever adulterated?

George Washington never rode on a railroad, nor sent a message by telegraph, and sewing-machines and lucifer matches were alike unknown at Mount Vernon. It does not occur to any one that we have much improved upon him in the way of Presidents of the United States!

It is not knowledge, nor the advantages won from Nature, that much affect man in what makes him man. His life, the heart and reality of him, are inside, and distinct from his circumstances. The things nearest him, the essentials of his position, his character, and his hope, are never touched

by any power or any knowledge won from matter. The primal questions of humanity are here yet, and before them science is dumb.

It is idle to tell us they are insoluble, that our time is wasted in the asking; for men will just keep on asking them in the teeth of all "science." They will not down at any man's bidding. There is nothing to charm them into silence in any knowledge of matter and its ways.

Pain, sorrow, heart-break, the pit dug across every man's road, the skeleton that keeps the keys, right, wrong, sin and its penalties, the dim hereafter in which all men instinctively believe, — these things are with us, and these things will stay.

They are as real as the Alps. They belong to ignorant people and wise people, to the savage and the civilized. They are persistent facts of human nature.

A genuine science dare not ignore them. It must find a place for them in any theory, — must at least *try* to account for their being, though utterly helpless to explain them.

For there is but one thing unchangeable on the earth, as far as we know, — the human soul. All else is phenomenon. The waters wear away the stones, the mountains crumble downward to the

plain, the rocks decay and fall; but the soul of man changes not. Across six thousand years he tells us the same story when he has had voice at all.

And his profoundest utterance has never been for food or drink, for clothes or shelter. His cry to the stars above him and the abysses below, across the wastes of an empty land and over the sullen moaning of far-plunging seas, has been to the invisible, the unknowable, the awful powers that lie above him and beneath him. "How am I connected with *them?* for I *am* connected. It is idle to talk to me of the things about me as if they were all; for they are not mine, nor am I of their family. I can walk no road that does not lead me at least to the awfulness of the unknown, and that unknown holds the things that I must meet and deal with."

Why, the very men that tell us there is no sense in wasting our time on things invisible, for we can know nothing about them, are driven themselves, out of all experience, out of all knowledge, out of all fact of the senses, to found their whole present theory of the universe upon an invisible and unknowable atom, — a pure conception of the human intellect.

Look upon man's position upon the earth among

all living things, and consider. He is the step-child of Nature.

She cares for every thing else that lives. She declines to care for man. She spreads a table for the tiger in the jungle, for the buffalo on the prairie, for the dragon-fly above the summer brook. She clothes the crawling worm, and the painted butterfly, alike the white monster of the northern seas, and the jewelled bird in southern forests.

Food, covering, shelter, are provided for beast and insect, for fowl of the air, and fish of the sea. Man is turned out helpless and bare, to scorch or freeze, to be lashed by the rain, pelted by the hail, burned by the pitiless sun. Material Nature faces him as a foe. He lives by fighting her. He scars her face with his furrows to make her yield him bread; he tears open her bowels to find the tools to master her, the warmth for his hearth and the power for his engines; he ransacks her hills and fells her forests to build his home; he drains her marshes, dikes out her seas, walls in her rivers, to make his dwelling with her possible.

And everywhere she resists, and turns a cold, mocking, cruel face upon him, till he conquers her. Every new land he settles fights him with strange diseases, kills him with strange deaths. His

march is over the graves of a fallen vanguard. Malaria stands guard at all the gates of the gardens of the Hesperides, and claims the foremost. "Thorns also and thistles shall the earth bring forth to thee." It is the law of the case for man. He holds his place by the strong hand. The crown of his empire over the material is a crown of thorns, and his sceptre is a hammer of iron. All tribute is wrested by sheer force of blows, by ringing hammer and shattering sledge.

And the higher he rises, the more he becomes manlike, the more bitter is the toil, the fiercer the struggle. Where Nature is kindest to him, the beast attains his perfection. Where Nature is kindest to man, man sinks the lowest. She is in her caresses a Delilah to the Samson her lord. She shears his locks, and gives him over to the Philistines, to grind in their mill, — *blind.*

But marked as this difference is between man and the animal in their relation to this world, it is not the only difference, nor the greatest.

Nature comes into accord with all other living things. She remains at discord with man. Bird, beast, and insect lie close and lovingly in the arms of the great mother. They are happy. The joy of the bird on the bough, of the deer on the prairie, of the fish leaping through the flashing

foam, — the joy of mere living, — fills earth and sky and sea. Who has heard the mocking-bird in a moonlit night in Mississippi, and has not had born in him the sudden revelation of the bird's joy in mere living? Acres of air quiver with the ecstasy of his notes. The little creature shivers, one is conscious, in every fibre with the gladness of its own song. Its song and itself are a part of the rich harmony of the summer night, like the flooding moonlight, the snowy drifts of the magnolia-blooms, and the musky perfume of the jessamine.

But summer moonlight, bird's song, perfume and shimmer of lovely half-tropic woodlands — Ah! yonder rises the roof built by him who owns the forest and the green slopes of flowery meadows; and beneath its shelter human hearts are breaking, and human souls crying out into the night. Sorrow, bitter agony, wringing of empty hands, appeals to the dumb sky, from the nest the lord of all this beauty has built to shelter the treasures of his life.

And Nature sheds no tear for the anguish of the man. She is deaf and blind to the broken cries of the one creature whom she does not understand. She weeps her night dews in blessing on humble grass-blade and towering oak bough. She drops no balm into the parched and

tortured soul of man, bending over the coffin of his first-born.

There is a blind wrestling in human nature with its environment. Its struggle is not merely a struggle for existence, but a struggle to be happy in that existence; in which struggle it fails, and fails in precise proportion to its cultivation and its development, to the perfection of its manhood.

It cannot wring happiness out of its surroundings. The attempt to do so is an instinct of the animal nature, which experience and reason declare vain.

Put an ox in a fat pasture beside a clear stream, and the ox is as happy as an ox can be. The hungry tiger, with smoking jaws tearing the slaughtered buffalo, is happy to the utmost limit of tiger-nature. But it is a commonplace of human experience, that a man in a palace is no happier than a man in a hut. Neither at the banquets of Lucullus, nor in the Golden House of Nero, does man find content. No people ever gathered the spoils of the world to such degree, none had its resources of luxury, art, beauty, and refinement at such command, none rode upon the heights of time in guise so sublime, none were lords so irresponsible over the world and its

resources, as the Roman patricians of the later republic and the earlier empire.

Mr. Arnold has painted, with a few strong strokes, the despair and disgust of the masters of the world.

> "In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
> The Roman noble lay;
> Then rose and drove, in furious wise,
> Along the Appian Way.
>
> He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
> And crowned his head with flowers;
> No easier and no swifter passed
> The impracticable hours."

One's thought comes to our own time, where there is a wiser and a better grasp of the place of lordship and command, and goes over sea to-night, where the heir of an empire lies dying, and where with darkened heart the daughter of a hundred kings has been for weary months waiting the messenger whom no armed guards can challenge and no palace-gates shut out, to summon the light of her life, the husband of her youth, from her love and a great people's, and to drape her soul in the mantle of a lifelong sorrow, and put out the lights in imperial halls, and quench the house-fires in palaces.

Nay, there is a hunger in the heart of man which refuses to be satisfied. We advise content, but man declines contentment. Never satisfied with getting, never pleased with to-day, this strange denizen of the world is driven on, restless, impatient, protesting, under a divine discontent which refuses to be satisfied.

The moralists tell him he ought to be content. The preachers preach that he ought to be content. Some of us think, if we were in other men's places we would be content, and wonder that these others are not.

But why quarrel with a fact of life? Why not take the fact, rather, and see its meaning? For, like every fact, it has a meaning, if we can find it.

Why blame a man for not being content with a million? It is enough, you say. Yes, but enough for *what?* If a man has found how to make a million honestly, why should he not use his knowledge, and go on and make another million? What compulsion upon him to be satisfied with a million, any more than with one hundred thousand or ten thousand? If it be that he has enough to live upon, the answer is plain. To many a man, ten thousand or even five thousand would be sufficient, as he would use it to supply all his wants.

But it is not a question of supplying wants. It

is a question of the human constitution. No man ever yet was satisfied with getting. Give him the United States for an estate, and he would want Alaska for a summer residence. Give him the whole earth, and he would want the moon for an ice-house. He is never content with getting money, or what money represents. He is equally never content with getting power, fame, or knowledge. He is insatiable. Why quarrel with him? Why preach threadbare moralities at him? Every acquisition is but the vantage for a new one in wealth, honor, or knowledge; and every success in any only reveals the vastness which still remains unwon. The richest man living has gathered but a poor fragment of the earth's possible wealth; the wisest man, a poor lichen or pebble of its possible wisdom; and the most famous man, but a whisper of its fame. Each sees, as others do not see, some vision of the dim realms unwon.

A wise man, many centuries ago, who had attained in largest measure all that men desire, who had tried in all ways known to men to reach content and happiness on the earth, and who wrote "Ματαιότης ματαιοτήτων — πάντα ματαιότης," as the sum of all, over crown and palace and human knowledge and human fame, — gave his solution: "God hath set eternity (the world) in their heart."

For here is this strange fact, that a creature, to the outward view and by the outward theory a product of the world like all the rest, should live his life in a perpetual conflict with the forces which produced him, and in a perpetual protest against the world and its gifts.

The point I emphasize is not that he struggles merely. It may be said, all other animals do that in a way, — the struggle of existence, they call it. But the peculiarity in the human case is, that Nature never gives him success in his struggle. He is always winning, but always defeated.

He blasts his way into the earth's treasure-stores. He drags them forth, and is not content. He sounds her deepest seas, and brings their drowned riches to adorn his crown, and is not content. He masters her powers, fetters her lightning, chains her stored sunlight to his car. He finds the hiding-places of her strength, and makes it his own, and fights Nature with her own arms. He builds to defy her tempests. He mocks, in his chambers of comfort, at her bitterest cold. He drives his ship into the teeth of her hurricanes, sweeps the whirlpools of her roaring seas, and carries the harvest of his victories to every haven. He lords it over matter now right

royally, and with a sceptre which gives pledge over vaster fields.

And the point is, that all these victories are barren, as far as his earthly life goes. His relation to Nature is one utterly alone. He protests that all is fruitless, though he rises for the fight to-morrow. He is led by illusions, and toils for phantoms. For all past success has not made human life one whit more in accord or content with its environment. It is all vanity and vexation still, and we can give no promise that it ever will be otherwise. The entire discovery of Nature's secrets, the entire mastery of her powers, would leave, we are bound to believe from all experience and deduction, man just as restless, as full of sorrow and of care, as ever.

We are compelled by reason and common-sense to find a place in any theory of life for this fact.

We find it in this, as it seems to me: that man is under process of development; that, such process being temporary, it is impossible it should ever bring content; that while the perfection of every other living creature after its kind may be reached by its development upon this earth, man does not reach his, is not meant to reach it, and is forever driven onwards by necessity, or lured onwards by illusions, until when the earthly end

comes he is still unsatisfied and incomplete. And we are driven, as it were, by our innate sense of the fitness of things, to declare that this temporary discipline is only a preparation for a development to come.

His development in that which makes his perfection as a man is not physical. Strength, swiftness, mere physical power in any direction, is not advance for man. At some loss of these he wins his road. His heroes are not physical giants, his world-conquerors and kings of men have not been marked for animal power. It is down among the savages that we find leaders chosen for their power of arm. The higher man rises, the more victorious he becomes as man, the less mere thews and sinews count, — the more will steadfastness, moral courage, high sense of rectitude and honor, count. The perfection of his breeding lies on no parallel line with that of ox-breeding or swine-breeding.

His development is not upon physical lines at all. And he closes his life with a development incomplete, and which the environment about him so far is quite incapable of helping farther.

For the ideal of a perfect horse, which we hold in thought, there are all the elements of realization complete in this world. The means are all here.

For the development of a perfect man, the means are just as evidently not here. No man ever yet lived, save One, who other men do not plainly see was poorly developed and incomplete, measured by our ideal; wanting in intellect, and wanting in moral power, — the development special and peculiar to man.

What can we say, save that the development is only begun here? This unique being, protesting and warring at every step with his environment, is led on step by step by the promises of a morrow which never comes, — is driven on step by step, by a relentless destiny, to the end.

The fable of the Wandering Jew is a parable of human life. Still incomplete, and knowing himself incomplete, only the beginning of what he might be, — the germ only of a possible manhood, — he comes to the door that opens out into the dark. He comes under protest. In every age and in every condition, he makes that protest. He is conscious that he is incomplete; his yearning for immortality, which some explain as only an egoistic conceit, is the declaration of his sense of incompleteness, — the common prophecy, in every germ, of its future.

Shall we stop with the grave and the burial, — "dust to dust," and so the end? It *is* dust to

dust, and ashes to ashes. The Church of God has chanted the words over every coffin. So far, she and agnostic science sing the same anthem. The accord is perfect. But Science turns dumb in this crisis, as she does in so many others.

While the tears fall, and the sobs relieve the burdened hearts around the grave, and the clods drop on the coffin, she might suggest the advantages of cremation, and so cheer the mourners; but I am not aware of any thing else she could say, or any thing else she pretends to say.

She has been dealing with an animal, in her blind persistency against facts which have challenged her at every turn. She has gotten her animal buried; and there is positively nothing more for her to say, except to stare round upon the mourners with her big owl-eyes, and deliver a lecture on the best way to dispose of the remains! Exceedingly comforting to the mourners, you say? Well, you see, Science takes no account of mourners. That these hearts are breaking, and these souls are clothed in darkness for all their days on earth, is not within the scope of "Science." It is her business to find out the number of inches an Alpine glacier moves in a year, *exactly*, or the number of vibrations a molecule of protoplasm makes each minute in the

spike of a nettle! Those tremendous facts, and not human grief nor human heart-break, are the important things for the study of mankind!

For, poor thing, she is very cowardly, very easily scared.

What has become of the man? The dust is not the man. The ashes are not the man. We bury these, or burn these, or sink them in the sea. What matter? But where is the *man* gone, — the brother, the father, the son, the husband? Where is the intellect, the force of thought, the will to master, the rapid vision to see, the clear reason to announce, the judgment to guide and control, the truth, the love, the tenderness, the whole power that made the man we knew and loved and mourn?

Why cannot even Science venture on the road of common-sense so far as to say, according to her own doctrine, "These have not perished. No force is destructible. In some form it always is. That force you knew and loved, which blessed and upheld and enlightened, is not dead, — cannot be dead. Somewhere, somehow, I cannot tell you where nor how, it lives, and must live forever."

But we who stand about the sodded grave hear, from the deeps beyond the stars, a voice fall

through the silence : "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

And we say to scared Science, "We are not afraid, in this extremity, to declare our faith in your own doctrine, to which revelation gives coherence and a purpose."

The man I loved, whose body lies under this red mound, was, I know, and he knew, but the poor beginnings of his possibilities. Strong brain, true vision, kind heart, — he was all that, and to me far more. God-loving and man-loving, he did a brave day's work here, and helped his fellows well.

But he had only started. None knew it better than he. And is this the end? These green leaves from the sprouted acorn! Is the acorn developed? Yes, I should say so, had I never seen an oak. Having seen an oak, I know better. Having read the Gospels, I know the man I mourn has only begun to grow.

The human mind is incapable of imagining a more grotesque absurdity than this grave, if this grave holds my friend. The universe turns in Titanic laughter, and jeers and mocks with all its infinite voices, at the comedy of human life, and the farce of human pain and human death.

If there be reason in the universe at all, — and I

take it that the reason in man will always compel him to believe in a reason in the universe, — then one is driven to admit that the ultimate development of human nature must be looked for outside this world, and beyond this life.

There is no escape in reason, I dare to say, from the conclusion. There is no escape in science. The law, let us admit, is the law of development. Here is one creature, found upon the earth, and, we admit, developing upon it. The higher he grows, the more completely he develops, the less does he find his environment helps him. The more his disgust increases, the more his contempt for its pleasures or its pains, the more his conviction that the one and the other are folly to his reason, and abject to his demands.

So day by day he plods a weary road, to which there is no ending. As he grows more and more into manhood, and leaves the beast and the beast's wants more behind him, as he becomes more and more master and lord, — so more and more does his discontent, his contempt, and his hunger grow.

It is not Christian experience only: it is Stoic experience, Buddhist experience, all experience where the human asserts itself, where that which

differentiates man from the beast is strongest and clearest. In the highest types it rises, and sometimes asserts itself in very strange fashion, in contempt for the environment, for the world and all it holds, and all it can give or refuse. Satiated with its pleasures, its honors, its wealth, its power, the man asserts his manhood by proclaiming all sometimes a fraud, or a folly, and asking from the heights of power, of knowledge, or of enjoyment, "Is life worth living?"

And the rational answer is, "No." If this be all, life is a grotesque absurdity.

The only conclusion which can give coherency to the riddle is that man on earth, developed to his highest, is but a germ of what man is to become in other conditions. Hungry-hearted, sore burdened, weary and worn, he is driven step by step through life to its ending.

The *simulacrum* of him, the organic construction which gave him connection and partnership with the material life, dissolves.

But the dead man of this life, as St. Paul said long ago, is the planted seed of another man, to develop in another life. So far the earth has done for him, and *stops*. As far as he is concerned, its powers are ended. She passes the germ over into new conditions, — into the land of

eternal realities and the environment of the infinites.

Driven to the door, protesting, sick, weary, beaten, though victor, he waits the opening of the awful valves, and passes through into the dimness, — dimness to faith even, folded curtains of darkness to science.

But in every land, among every people, he passes with the human instinct of another life.

Shall we say he alone of all creatures shall come to no issue? have no completeness? never reach the vision of himself? never be what every thrill of brain and nerve has suggested he might be? Shall he be the one gigantic joke of all the world, — the *non-sequitur* of the universe?

Revelation flames its torch across the darkness, where human knowledge leaves us, but makes no contradiction in that knowledge, and reveals nothing which that knowledge can call inconsequential or irrational.

"This man that has passed," it cries, "beyond your ken, but not beyond mine, lives. He has grown so far, in the world down here. He has not been lost in the passage where you saw him not. Centre of life and power, by the endowment of the Maker, he has entered upon a new development under a new environment. His infinite

longings are satisfied now with the infinite. His restlessness finds rest in eternal endeavor; his energies, in eternal work; his satisfaction, never granted him here, in eternal success in the work.

"There he will become a very man, and the delusive vision of his earthly years will be fulfilled. To what heights or depths he will attain, you cannot tell, nor can I; but being one of the Lord's servants, he will become a genuine man, and more and more the likeness of the Man who is also God. There is endless advance, and pure joy in the advance forevermore, rest in ceaseless work, content in ceaseless endeavor. 'We know not what he shall be' at any point; but always we know he will be a man, and always more and more a man forever."

The light that falls on the graves where we lay the dear dust of our dead pales not before the lamp of human science. It flames and flashes on the marble of every tomb, from the open sepulchre in the garden of the man of Arimathæa.

We make no apology for its existence. While we look with tear-dimmed eyes on dead faces which yet are luminous in that unearthly light, we feel that our hope is not irrational, that we and they are not all of the earth, that the land from which that "daylight of eternal glory" falls is our

land as well as this. We are not unscientific, we believe, in holding what the faith reveals, that the dead-seeming germs of the earth may spring to life and grow and blossom in the airs of Paradise, and that this world may turn over, after its own abject failure, the perfect outcome of all its development, the crown of all its possibilities, to other, vaster worlds, and other, grander, and more awful conditions, as a germ to be developed to a growth unattained and unattainable here, and yet always prophesied as possible.

But let us step out of the twilight, into the enveloping splendors of the faith revealed.

"The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

Out of the pain, out of the writhings, out of the sobs and cries of the dying Old, shall the eternal New be born. It is the law of the revelation, it is the law of nature. It is on the pages of the Bible, of human history, of the rock-ledges of the earth. And "I am the Resurrection and the Life," saith the Son of God. He was also the Son of man.

LECTURE IV.

THE CHILD IN THE MANGER.

What think ye of Christ? Whose son is he?

MATT. xxii. 42.

LECTURE IV.

THE CHILD IN THE MANGER.

NEARLY nineteen hundred years ago, lying in the feeding-trough of an Eastern khan, some shepherds found at midnight the new-born child of a Jewish artisan's young wife.

There are always vast possibilities in childhood. You cannot tell what may be the growth from any new-prepared cradle. The sages and the heroes, the leaders and the lords of men, have all lain in swaddling-clothes — as have the tyrants and the greatly evil, the criminals, the misleaders and the destroyers of men.

The cry of the child is the proclamation of a new day. God rules by men, makes and unmakes the ages by men; and when the man-child is born, all is possible. The mother croons over the world's teacher or the world's master, sings her lullaby over the guide of a hundred generations, over the lord of a thousand legions — who can tell? All things are possible when the child is born.

Every philosophy, every religion, every discovery, every government, has slept in the cradle with some child. The babe in swaddling-clothes is the germ-seed of all power on earth.

Even in sending His own Son into the world, we Christians confess, God sends him, to all appearance, as He sends other helpers, guides, and deliverers of men. His common way of working, God never drops needlessly. The Son of God does not come with blare of trumpet, and clash of cymbal, and the tramp of attending legions. That is not God's method upon the earth. Only to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, does the star shine and do the angels sing. To outward seeming, the Eternal Son sleeps as any child may sleep under a mother's watch, and His cradle-song is the familiar song of Judæan mothers.

Yet that cradle in the khan at Bethlehem sways the world. Augustus is the echo of a name, hollow-sounding on the blasts of the dim years. The Child in Bethlehem is the mightiest living present force on earth; and millions of the vanguard of mankind bend round that cradle, as the centre of the world's life and their own, across the vast spaces and the long years.

The Child of Bethlehem was a germ then. God

works, in the revelation of Himself and the salvation of the world, as He works in other things, concerning men, at least. We recognize the eternal method and the eternal wisdom in the Babe come to save a world. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation."

But how to account for Jesus of Bethlehem, — Jesus Christ of Nazareth? Can you account for any ultimate germ? Science is dumb on ultimates. It traces up causes from effects, link by link of the long chain. At last one link is reached, and beyond there is nothing. *Omne exit in mysterium.* The last step is into the profound. But is the end reached? Are there no causes and no consequences beyond the touch of material hand and the sight of material eye?

We can account for other men by things upon the earth: can we account for Jesus Christ? Is He a product of the earth, and can we find that out of which He grew? Is He, like other men, a development from visible sources? Is He explainable by sufficient causes?

All other men are. In a most true sense, every man is a development. Let Him be as exceptional as you will, He is the natural product of natural causes upon which you may lay your finger.

Plato is as genuine a Greek product as the

Parthenon. Under no other sky could the one have grown, or the other been builded.

Men are the result of race, nationality, culture, hereditary tendencies, and so on, in the making of their characters, — the kind of men they come to be. One can generally, after due examination, discover and lay down the causes of the development into such a shape.

William Shakspeare, exceptional as is his vast genius, is an Englishman in every fibre, just as natural a product of English soil and English air, as an English oak or an English daisy. There are causes sufficient, if not to account for his exceptional genius, quite enough to account for the form that genius took, for his whole moral make-up and tendencies, for his character and his influence. Of all the lands on earth, we are sure England alone could have given him birth.

And not only England, but England at a particular time. He is a man of his country, but also a man of his day; a product of his race, but a product at a particular point in its development. He is an Elizabethan Englishman. He belongs where Spenser, Bacon, and Raleigh belong. He has the common stamp of the great Queen upon him, as they all have. Before or after there could have been no Shakspeare, as there has not been.

Only when "the tawny lioness" held her island lair secure, could William Shakspeare have lived and written.

I name another name on the roll of poetic fame, the only one perhaps to be named beside him; his to whom the little children pointed as the man "who had been in hell!" the awful soul who trod the hills of Paradise and the dread profound of the abyss, and sung the story of what he saw for the hearing of all time, — Dante. We can, again, account for *him*. He is a natural product of his race and time. He is an Italian, and of all Italy an Italian of Florence, and of Florence in the thirteenth century.

Take the exceptional and representative man of any name, and he is always clearly an outcome. Voltaire is a French, Goethe a German. George Washington is a natural outcome of Saxon and Norman England, — the representative of a race of independent, God-fearing English gentlemen and Churchmen, transplanted into the American Colonies, but into one special colony, Virginia.

You see what I mean, and also why we naturally, I might almost say instinctively, turn to the examination of the causes which have produced any special character, and expect to find them. They may, indeed, themselves be the

germs of great consequences, the original sources of vast results; but they are not ultimates. They have their own causes on the earth, and are but single links in the vast chain which stretches backward into the unknown past, as it does onward into the unknown future.

Is it thus with Jesus Christ?

And here, mark, Jesus Christ was expected. It is his own claim, that he was expected; that he was the fulfilment of the expectations of thirty centuries; that he was looked for, longed for, prayed for. No other man ever was expected. Christ is singular in this.

The literature of a whole people is filled with an expected man. Indeed, on close examination, the expectation of a man is the central meaning of that literature. The kind of man desired is clearly laid down. There is no place either to doubt the character of him who was to be the culmination, the splendid blossom, of a long history and a nation's epic. The ideal is magnificent, and it is also distinct.

It is the vision of all the seers, the proclamation of all the prophets. It begins at the gate of Paradise, with the seed that tramples on the serpent; grows clearer to Abraham and Jacob; distinctly defines itself to Moses; is sung by David

to his lyre; in Solomon's great temple, swells in magnificent chant upon the incense-laden air, while the trumpets peal, and the harp-strings quiver in the chorus. Amid the ruins of the temple and the city, the expected man is still the burden of Isaiah's song; and his splendid coming flames afar through Jeremiah's tears. In captivity, by the waters of Babylon, still the man is expected. And the literature of a whole people ends where it begins, with a prophecy of his quick coming, and the manner of his appearance. Malachi closes the Book. It is still the old story. "The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in; he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts."

It is this that gives a peculiar character to the Old Testament. It is a national literature, remember. It is unique in this, — that it is a literature of hope. It is always looking on, and the vision it beholds is never dimmed by any vapors of the lower atmosphere.

When Babylon falls, no Chaldæan sage stands among the ruins to prophesy in stately strains of a new Babylon, and a new and wiser Chaldæa. When Rome falls, no voice in Forum or Senate-house, no orator, no poet, tells or sings of a newer

Rome to be built upon the ruins of the old. Only a voice from far away, trained in the cadences of Hebrew speech, — a Christian voice, — St. Augustine's, chants the grand epic of the *City of God*, and is not drowned in the crash of an empire thundering to the dust.

But when Jerusalem falls, Isaiah, and Jeremiah while he breaks his heart in lamentation, stand amid the ruins of city and temple, and in a land made desolate, and sing triumphantly of a new Israel, a new and eternal temple, another David and another Solomon who shall reign forever. The fringes of the darkness of the day of blood and smoke are luminous with the glory of the eternal day that waits behind the far-off hills for its full arising.

All other races have dreamed of a golden age, but their golden age lay behind. Themselves walk upon an earth of iron, under a heavens of brass. Things had been growing worse and worse since the splendid dawning, and shall grow worse and worse until the last crash and final wreck of time and hope.

But the Old Testament always places the golden age before. The great Day of the Lord, in gloom or glory, is a day coming. It waits behind all temporal shadows. Whatever else

fails, it shall not fail. The best is yet to come. The brightest is yet to dawn. And so the nation in its darkest hour of failure, in defeat, in captivity, in ruin uttermost to outward seeming, never despairs. Its wailing litanies by the waters of Babylon, burst at last into chants of victorious anticipation; and their refrain is, "Glory to the Lord who redeemeth Israel."

And so this nation never dies. All others crumble to the dust, — the proudest and the strongest. Vanquished or victor, Israel lives, and lives yet, scattered and peeled, but somehow vital, virile, persistent. Israel is the heir of hope, the race that always looked forward.

And the man expected is a Prince, a Conqueror, a Deliverer. He comes in might. He comes with joy, he comes with terror. "Who may abide the day of his coming? Who shall stand when he appeareth?" "A refiner and purifier of silver." By the red furnace-mouth he sits, and the white flame leaps and glows; and there in the fierce blinding heat he tries the souls of men.

Surely the brooding of three thousand years shall bring its birth. Surely a nation's long yearning after its ideal shall see the ideal realized. If there be power in ancestral desire, in hereditary type, in the fixed conception of the

generations, we shall know the man when he comes, and say, "Out of a race's throes this man was born. He bears the marks of his descent. The race has stamped him for its own, and acknowledges its son, — the son of its heart, and its long desire."

And is this the outcome? This Child the shepherds find in the cattle-trough? Does the vision of ages end in this? a nation's hopes fulfil themselves here?

Do you wonder "His own received Him not"? I say He claims to be the one expected, and lo! He is denied. "He hath no form nor comeliness, that" they "should desire Him." The verdict of the race was, that He was not a development from any thing among them. They declined to recognize Him as any product of their religion or their prophecy. He was a blank disappointment. And above all men they ought to have known.

The way all connected with His coming flatly contradict the expectation He came, according to Himself, to fulfil, is surely startling. He seems as if he set Himself directly against all that was conceived of Him, or said about Him. The angels sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men." Within a few days, in consequence of His birth, the mothers of Bethlehem were wailing over their

murdered babes. And when He comes to teach, he declares, "I am not come to send peace, but a sword."

It is surely, on any but His own explanation, a very curious thing this, — that, claiming to be the Messiah, He flatly refuses to be the Messiah of the whole race's conception, and is a Messiah after an utterly new type and model, without existence in the national consciousness.

There can be no clearer way of declaring that He declines to be held the product of such consciousness. He has no mark or likeness of it. As far as that consciousness goes, He is entirely new. He is not rooted in, does not spring from, it, or grow out of it, — is in all ways alien.

But if the age long yearning for a particular type had no result in this Man, if three thousand years of intense national character and national desire cannot account for the Man who claimed to fulfil that character and be that desire, can the existing national character and condition at the time account for Him as its result?

His environment is distinct enough. The national influence into which He was born was one of the most powerful and well-marked ever known. Is there any thing in it to account for Jesus of Nazareth?

There was intense race prejudice and coherence. The Jew was a narrow, isolated man, who would neither dwell nor eat with any not a Jew. All other men were counted alien from his sympathy or association. Could the Man who told the story of the Good Samaritan — and the Samaritans were most hated and despised — be the product of the Jewish feeling of his time?

And their religion. It had a profound formative influence upon character, none ever stronger or more profound. Out of which of its rabbinical schools come the words, "But I say unto you, Love your enemies; bless them which curse you; pray for them which despitefully use you"?

That religion had reduced itself in His day, and indeed long before, to a perfunctory observance of outward ceremonies. It had formulated a shrewd casuistry, by which it proposed to keep the law in the letter, and break it in the spirit. From birth to death a man was surrounded by its mechanism, and his whole life was fettered by its minute rigidity of ceremony out of which the soul had long since fled.

Whence came the word, "The hour cometh when ye shall neither in Jerusalem nor yet in this mountain worship the Father. God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him

in spirit and in truth"? Or this: "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing"? Or this: "The kingdom of God is within you"?

Nay, one need not dwell upon the wonderful differences. I am aware that there are those who have claimed to find Christianity in the Talmud. Unhappily for the fancy, the Talmud is far too recent for the purpose. What we *know* is the character of the practical Judaism when Christ came, and we know also the judgment of the people and the people's leaders, of the common folk and the priesthood and the teachers; and both agreed that instead of Christ's doctrine and character being a natural outgrowth of Judaism, they were so great a contradiction and outrage upon it, that the inevitable end for them was: "We found this fellow perverting the nation. Away with him! crucify him!" Far better than any scholar, of whatsoever name, brought up in a Christian atmosphere with Christian influences all about him, did the men of his own day know whether Christ Jesus was a natural product of the national sentiment and the race faith.

His life was spent wholly in Judæa. There is no record, not even a suspicion, of His having been subjected to any other than Israelitish influences. He was, like His great apostle, a

Hebrew of the Hebrews; but not like him a Roman citizen, and a man trained in Greek philosophy.

But, admitting it possible that Roman and Greek influences were in the air, can one or both together account for Jesus of Nazareth?

There is no mistake possible about the outcome of Greek thought, or the character that Greek influence would form. There was the worship of beauty in sculpture, painting, or literary expression; the passionate search for, and admiration of, clear human thinking and its expression. "The Greeks seek after wisdom." There was the pride of culture, and the confidence in human reason; and a contempt for the uncultured, the barbarians, in fit ratio.

Is this word from the Academy or the Porch? "Blessed are the meek; blessed are the poor in spirit; blessed are they that mourn."

One can scarce imagine any thing more foreign to Greek thought and Greek philosophy, than the whole teaching and the whole life of Christ. Whatever else may be said of Him, the slightest knowledge of the question compels one to say this man was no Greek.

Was he a Roman? Born in the Roman Empire he was, and about Him were the Roman laws and

the Roman arms. Was He a product of the mighty force that built the seven-hilled mistress of the world, and ruled the nations at her feet?

There was formative power enough in the Roman national character. No more mighty force in moulding men after one type ever existed, and the type is unmistakable. The echoing tramp of the legions shakes Europe. The Roman stamps himself for all time wherever his foot treads. He is "the lord of things," the law-maker and the law-executor. Iron-handed, iron-hearted, he goes everywhere, to trample down, break in pieces, and compel peoples to his obedience. His pride is beyond weakness. It is sublime. He meets no superior on earth. He scarce acknowledges a superior in the heavens. He and his race and his city, his senate, his legions, and his laws, are a part of the fixed order of the universe, and eternal.

"Blessed are the peacemakers." Is that word an echo from the Senate-Chamber or the shouting Forum? "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." "The Son of man came not to be served, but to serve." Can one imagine words more utterly against every Roman conception of human life and fitting human opinion? And the manner of the life, and the end of the

life, both outrage every Roman sentiment of duty, fitness, and human dignity.

By the law of the case, there must be cause sufficient to explain every man. He is what he is, from sufficient power to make him so. He is a product. Heredity, environment, and the rest make him. But when you try the law on this Man, it fails. The human intellect is challenged to explain Him by the known methods of making men. He has no race-mark. He bears no birth-mark. Intellectually, morally, he is like his shadowy type in the elder day, — Melchizedek, "without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life." He stands in lonely majesty a Man, simply the Son of man as He called Himself, the type of the race as it should be, with no narrower character upon Him than manhood; so infinite a manhood, that Jew and Greek and Roman accept him as their Brother and their King, that savage man and civilized man, black man and white, the man of Jerusalem and the man of New York, alike recognize Him as their vision of human perfection, of human beauty, wisdom, goodness, and power.

He is of no race, therefore he is of all. And each sees in him his own. The painters are our witnesses. The Italian, filled with his conception

of the perfect humanity, paints an Italian Christ; the German, putting his ideal upon canvas, paints a German Christ; and the English painter makes the face looking down upon you an English face. Even the poor village artist of Central America, working with pigments from the leaves and roots of the forest, to make a picture for the rude parish church, will paint an Aztec Christ.

Jesus Christ is Himself, then, one of the ultimate producing forces. We are driven back to that. The Child in the manger is an ultimate germ; the Seed itself, as He is the Branch; the Root of Jesse and of David. "If David calleth Him Lord, how is He then his Son?" We can answer:—

Into the realm of the natural, a new force was born that night in Bethlehem. The Divine entered upon the plane of the human. No other explanation is adequate to the facts.

But Nature is God's; the human is God's; and even here the new force and life, in coming, comes as God works in the realm of His appearing. He comes not as a man crowned with power, or laurelled with wisdom, triumphantly entering on his career. He comes, the new life of men, as a germ out of which light, life, and salvation shall develop. It is in strict accord with all we learn

from God's working, that He should come as a child, and be found in the cradle. The small hands hold the earth. The small manger contains the seed to sow the world for all time, — the seed and the sower both. But only they that have eyes see the Child; only the scientific intelligence sees the oak of centuries in the small acorn at one's feet.

But while the revelation is that of an ultimate germ, which has no cause nor antecedent in time or matter, — the beginning of a new life for man upon the earth, — and while, upon examination, reason accords with revelation, the same revelation shows again that the environment of the germ, so to speak, the place and soil and circumstances, were what we call natural developments of the earth; that is, they are such part of God's working as we can see and note, and draw inferences about, which is what we mean and all we mean by natural.

For this Child was born in the fulness of time, at a particular period and in a particular place, when the world was ready for him, and the development might begin.

To speak in the tongue of our time, the environment was prepared by natural development for the new germ, while the germ itself was a new seed, to begin a new era.

And why should one stumble at this? Human history is not a succession of accidents. There is a law in the story. Things grow from one another, and events have natural beginning, and a reasonable course and end, if we can but find it.

It is this that philosophic history seeks to trace, else the story is a mere bundle of dates. You make a chronology, and a chronology is not a history.

The story moves upon its various lines, and the lines converge and focus themselves in some outcome, some crisis; an ending of the old, a beginning of the new; the fruit of one series, the germ of another; an ending and yet a beginning.

So Church historians have shown us how the past gathered itself into one present, for the coming of the Lord. And they are right and scientific. But He, as we have seen, is not the outcome. That outcome is the world preparing itself and making ready for the cry, "Behold, the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

For that day all Jewish history had been looking and waiting. The nation, in its slavery in Egypt, in its wandering in the desert, in its conquest of the land promised, and in its peace and rest under Solomon, in its splendors and its decay alike, had been preparing. Moses gave

the law for it, Joshua conquered the Canaanites for it, David fought and Solomon ruled that it might come. And over all the world the people were scattered, and their land was a Roman province, that Moses might be "preached in every city," and that the synagogues might be ready for the first preaching of the faith.

At no time as at this time, — before certainly not, and after certainly not, — was the situation of Israel such as to make the preaching of the gospel to all nations effectual from itself as a basis. But now everywhere throughout the empire, in Rome as in Corinth or Alexandria, was the idea of a one unseen, eternal, and only God, to be worshipped without image, altar, or bloody sacrifice, made common among polytheists and idolaters. The synagogue worship, uncommanded in, extraneous to, the Scriptures, seems to have its Divine authority sufficiently in this, — that everywhere it was holding up its testimony of the Divine oneness, and that God is a Spirit, to be worshipped in spirit, and that so the synagogue stood ready for the apostle when he came to complete the testimony by preaching that "God hath revealed Himself in His Son."

But not Israel only had been guided for this, and in this its story made coherent, purposeful.

Babylon rose for this, and fell; and Nineveh, and Tyre and Sidon, and Tadmor in the wilderness. And in the dark, unnoticed, by the Tiber, the outlaws built their first rude fortification, and founded Rome. And slowly, still unknown to the great Oriental peoples, the germ so planted grew. The little tribal wars, so insignificant in themselves, were fought. The kings were expelled, and the Republic made its consuls. The whole story of the building of Rome unfolds itself in battles, intrigues, struggles of leaders, writhings and fierce pains of the people, — a very wolf's litter, bloody and hungry on the prey, — till out of all comes the great, strong, masterful people, who, "dreadful and terrible and strong exceedingly," lorded it over a submissive world.

For their laws had grown, and their order and discipline, and a certain conception of life as a place of duty and labor. There had grown, amidst all the cruelty and wrong, some types of manful character, of strong, righteous men, of pure, faithful women. Noble examples stand all along the story; and, like all other peoples, they got their day's wages, — the thing they had worked for and deserved.

But is the end of all Rome's splendid story to be the later Cæsars, and the overwhelming rush

of the barbarians? Had Rome no purpose? Did the she-wolf's litter roam the earth for naught? Nay, we dare to say, the purpose of Rome was a divine purpose, and the great empire was built on the foundation, laid in mire and darkness, and the sweat and blood of men, for the new Kingdom of God.

The great roads ran from the city to the empire's bounds, that St. Paul might travel swiftly to preach the gospel. The Mediterranean was whitened with the sails of the ships, that the story might be carried by the winds and the waves. One power ruled, that under its shadow there might be protection; for even an apostle to fulfil his purpose might need to say, "*Civis Romanus sum*," and appeal to Cæsar.

And when persecution should come, as it was sure to come, fierce and exterminating, there was a limit even to its madness in the fact that the persecution, after all, was in a land of law, and must be conducted under forms of law. Christianity might have been exterminated in Rome as it was in Persia, except that the bloodiest Roman emperor was still a constitutional ruler, and there were laws which even a Nero or a Tiberius could not always trample on. The forms of law and the sacred Roman right stood between the perse-

cutor and the victim; and Christians could not, behind them, be slain so fast as Christians were made.

To make the world ready for the Child in the manger, and what the Child should bring, the legions marched, and the pro-consuls ruled, the Senate decreed, the augurs looked for the auspices, the "Twelve Gods' stood in marble silence behind their altars.

For this, Pompey conquered the East; for this, "the foremost man of all the world" shook the German forests and the far-off shores of Britain with the onset of the invincible arms; for this, Augustus ruled with all his political cunning; for this, he decreed that "all the world should be taxed,"—for this: that the Child should be born in Bethlehem, be cradled in the manger of the crowded khan, and die, at last, a Roman death, under a Roman indictment, by the cross, and not a Jewish death by stoning.

But Roman preparation was not enough, even in its ripeness. The hour waits till Rome has not only done her own work, but absorbed the work of others, reaching her own crisis, gathering into herself the past.

Not peace only, and an ordered world, and the settled facilities of intercourse over vast spaces,

among the men of three continents, were needed for the carriage and the spread of the world's new story from the manger; but a language in which to tell it, a universal tongue spoken in Asia, in Africa, in Europe, in Marseilles, in Alexandria, in Jerusalem, and in Rome, — a language of common intercourse in the mart and on the quay, that common men might hear, and yet a language so developed by orator and poet and philosopher that it might fitly hold this most wondrous of all stories, and convey the spiritual power it infolded.

The Roman had no word for repentance, no word for Saviour, none for the Anointed Himself. He did not repent, the stern materialist, the stoic of time. He needed no Saviour. The pilum and the short-sword should save him, or he died. His tongue was barren of spiritual power. It must be converted itself before it could say the alphabet of the Child.

The Roman must absorb Greece before he found a language for the good news of Bethlehem.

And there the language waited for St. Paul at Athens, for the Gospel of St. John, for the plain though hesitating pen of St. Peter.

The richest and most wonderful tongue ever spoken among men receives into its most perma-

nent literature, and as the choicest treasure it holds for all ages, the New Testament, all penned by foreign hands, all filled by thought foreign to Greek intellect.

And we may say that Homer wandered and sang the "Ballad of Troy Town," that Æschylus wrought high tragedies, that Demosthenes thundered in the Agora, that Socrates questioned among his scholars, and Plato taught and thought and wrote, that Themistocles and Miltiades fought, that Alexander conquered, that Athens shone white across the sea, and the Acropolis gleamed in pillared splendor, — that all the story of Greece, like all the story of Rome, unrolled and developed till the time came for the Child in the manger!

It is a line of thought familiar, no doubt. But it bears recalling, for it is reasonable and true. In the visions of strange things seen by the waters of Ulai, the future unrolls itself to Daniel. But that unfoldment is a genuine development; and when the vision becomes history we can read the ordered law by which all things moved in their sequences till the kingdoms of the ancient world had made ready the time for "the eternal kingdom of the saints of the Most High."

So there is a half-truth in the thought of those

who imagine the faith a development. There is a half-truth in every falsehood. The divine religion has its human side as well as its divine. The "treasure," in the largest sense, is "in earthen vessels." The environment for Christ and Christianity is developed in what we blindly call the natural order, but the environment does not make Christ.

I say, "blindly call the natural order." For, to one who believes in a living God, that "the Power behind phenomena" is present, imminent, with will, purpose, judgment, righteousness, and mercy, — that, in truth, God rules and reigns among the kingdoms of men, and all things move according to an all-wise will, from an empire's ruin to a sparrow's fall, — the natural is itself the supernatural, and the world's secular story is divine.

The principle gives us the Christian philosophy of history, — all things developing the time and place for the cradle once, all things since working and unfolding for the great day of the King's coronation, a redeemed earth and a ransomed humanity.

And so as when the promise was given to man, beginning his world-long fight with evil, "The woman's seed shall bruise his head," we are still the heirs of the future, "the prisoners of hope."

Still the great splendor gleams afar. Still we keep our Advents with our Lents, and look for the day of His appearing; while we turn daily to the temptation, the struggle, and the failure of the common life.

For we know not the small nor the great, nor whether this from our hands shall grow or that. But we do know that the great harvests of God are ripening; that the great year of God, for man and the world, is coming; that all things, day and night, develop to a new crisis for a new Seed that shall make a new world.

We are content, in all the dark and doubt, to believe as our great Christian poet sings, —

> "In one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves."

We have seen the Divine seed, root, and germ, come in His time, when the time was ripe, — come Child in the manger, and grow to master the world and men, and give a sense and purpose to human life.

Shall not the long, blind writhing and groping of the ages grow into that other day, — always rosy on the far-off hills, always palpitating down into the dark again, which yet leads us, as it led our fathers, — the day when the Babe in the

manger shall be crowned "King of kings and Lord of lords"?

Yea, for this God worketh hitherto, and man worketh. There, too, the Divine and the human meet; and, mystery that it is, the Divine waits upon the human, — the seed waits the seed-bed.

And it is ours to hasten or delay the Day of God!

LECTURE V.

THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY.

"*But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.* — ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL, v. 39, 40, 41, 42.

LECTURE V.

THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY.

THREE chapters of the Gospel according to St. Matthew consist of what is called "The Sermon on the Mount."

It is the first recorded teaching of our Lord at length, after His entrance upon His ministry.

The circumstances are sufficiently striking. "Great multitudes," gathered by the fame of His miracles and His strange words, surrounded Him; and while these thronged the slope, He took his seat upon the mountain-side, and taught them.

He had come to begin a new era, — to found the long-expected kingdom of God. His speech on this occasion, so carefully preserved, may be looked upon as a proclamation, as, in fact, the official declaration of the organic law of that kingdom as a living power upon the earth.

The Sermon on the Mount has therefore, very naturally, held a unique place among the utter-

ances of the Lord. It has been held to be the very heart of Christ's religion as a law of life. Men have gone so far as to say that all the rest counts for little, so this be left us; that miracles and mysteries — even the Incarnation, Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension — are of small consequence, so that men live by the Sermon on the Mount; that so wise are its words, so divine are its principles, that they are self-evident moral truths which need only to be uttered to be accepted, and therefore need no support from any supernatural authority.

Now, we who believe in the Son of God, and who therefore accept mystery and miracle as the law of His earthly appearing, yield to none in our lofty estimate of these words so new and wonderful, while so calmly uttered on the Judæan hillside.

In truth, to us the words are so wonderful that we are compelled to take them as the words of God. They come from beyond. They are the rules of living in the eternal kingdom of God in heaven. They are as much as men can understand of the constitution of God's moral universe, eternal as God Himself, some shadow of His divine nature; absolute therefore, and necessary, whether we can understand or not.

Behind the gentleness and divine reasonableness of the words, sleep thunders more awful than the thunders of Sinai. The law there was bare command, outwardly. Here on the Mount of the Beatitudes, the law is from within the veil. Tables of stone cannot contain it. It is a law living and aflame, for hearts and consciences, dividing joints and marrow, — the law that preserves the inmost heavens, the law that, outraged, burns and scorches in hell.

So awful, as well as so beautiful, are the words to us, that we hold them to be the words of God. We can see no other adequate origin. They transcend all human experience. They are no outgrowth of hereditary influence. They deliberately contradict, to all appearances, maxims upon which society stands, — even maxims held necessary for its own preservation.

All theories of the origin of morals among men, builded in smallest degree upon the needs of society, upon the survival of the fittest individual or the fittest association of individuals; all theories which have any thing to say of hereditary impressions growing by generations into consideration for others, as well as the theories founded on self-interest, or pleasure, or greatest good to the greatest number, — are swept away

by these calm words, before which the world has stood dazed, and yet strangely moved and influenced, since they were uttered.

For we *can* imagine a morality — an ethical code — growing out of human experience and the needs of men living in association. Whatever we may believe to be its root-origin or its sanctions, we can imagine it thus growing amid play of opposing forces, and the give-and-take of the universal struggle, into some definite system, better or worse. And the worst moral system that ever existed is this much better than the moral system spun out of their own theories by some of our philosophers: that it does not condemn men for a breach of the law of the universe, inasmuch as they care for the blind and the lame and the leprous, and thus make the unfittest survive, and, with no fear of the law of heredity before their eyes, build asylums for the orphans of the sickly and improvident, and even reformatories for the children of criminals!

The point is, that in the Sermon on the Mount the ethics are, at first view, destructive of all society, — destructive, indeed, of the individual himself, — contradictory of every principle on which it has been thought by philosophers to found a system of morals.

So with all its sweetness and beauty, and with all the acceptance it has received from believer and unbeliever, the Sermon on the Mount has stood a stumbling-block. One strange thing here also is this: that whereas there was instant protest made against other utterances of our Lord as hard sayings, which no man could receive, here there is none. Yet these other hard sayings have been explained and accepted, while no man has explained and no man accepted the Sermon on the Mount.

Do not imagine I so far mistake myself as to think I can explain it. I desire only to say some things concerning it which have helped me to reconcile apparent difficulties, and so help others, — set them at least thinking concerning the matter, whether they agree with me or not, which is of the least possible importance in any case.

For the fact is to be first noted, that the Sermon on the Mount has never yet been lived save by Him who uttered it. I dare make no omission. No apostle, no martyr, no doctor or father, no Christian man of any period or of any name, has ever utterly lived by the Sermon on the Mount.

In fact, I may say the Sermon has never been proclaimed as a possible code of life at all, except by its Author. It seems, in large measure, to

have dropped out of the Christian consciousness from the first, if it ever found lodgement there at all. Those who have commented upon it or tried to explain it have explained it away. They do so yet. Hostile critics have declared, that, carried out, it would break up human society. Some fantastic efforts have been made, at times, to live by its declarations, and have failed utterly under whatever name. Practical people, living in the world, have, whether Christians or not, agreed to ignore the existence of a great deal of this wonderful speech, or to consider it as, at least, not expected to be lived.

Non-resistance to evil, turning the one cheek when the other is smitten; when robbed of the coat, to surrender the cloak; compelled to do a thankless service, to do the double; to feel blessedness when one is reviled and abused causelessly, and to love and bless the abuser and the reviler, — this is a part of the teaching; and we are told by good Christian men and wise men that to act upon this teaching would turn every organized human society into anarchy, the Church included; that the world would be uninhabitable by any but evil men; the good would be extinguished from its face, only the swinish and the tigerish left.

Of course the Lord could not have contemplated a result like this, therefore His words must be capable of some other explanation than one that would involve this. There is evidently, it is virtually said, some mistake somewhere. Resistance, resentment against injury, swift vengeance upon the wrong-doer, either by the one injured or society acting for him, is essential to the being of an ordered life upon earth; and our Lord could never have contradicted the plain facts of human life by laying down propositions destructive as these.

But the difficulty is not so easily removed. In the cases where not the letter, but the spirit, is in the mind of the Teacher, He is very plain. There seems to be no allegory or parable here. The Sermon on the Mount contains plain statements concerning conduct, and they all stand upon the same footing. "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away," is no more mystical, is uttered in no other tone, than "Whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery," or, "After this manner therefore pray ye."

It is very dangerous to make distinctions in the words of the Lord. He makes none in this sermon Himself. All is uttered in the same

unruffled calm of Divine wisdom. No haste, no passion, here. Precept and prayer alike stand together; and these things are taught, that "ye may be perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." And at the close He confirms all with that beautiful and awful parable of the wise man who heard these sayings, and did them, and so built, amid the floods and storms, his house upon a rock; and of the foolish man who heard, and did not, and so built upon the sand, and in the hour of tempest and rising flood had the shelter of his life swept away.

Let us frankly say, then, that no explanation which weakens or obscures the words can be a true or reverent explanation. It is possible surely to find a point of view where they shall retain their force, and yet be words possible and hopeful for man.

Remember, then, that all the words of the Lord are seed-words. He Himself is the sower who went forth to sow. His words are living and life-producing germs. They are germs which need to grow, which are sown that they may grow. They demand an environment, and they demand time. Men's words are generally dead formulas. They have usually one short meaning, and the utterance has an end. Sometimes even to men, how-

ever, since they are in the image of God, it comes to utter words of power, words that live and grow and after many years are vital and productive, words whose full meaning only time reveals.

But the Lord's words are such in infinite measure. They are not formulas, but the announcement of principles. They are not words only, but things. They have creative power. They are germs of spiritual forces. "They are spirit, and they are life." We err if we imagine that one age understands them or one meaning exhausts them. Eternal, vital, and creative, seeds of things, they are cast into the seed-bed of the world and time, to grow as the world grows, and develop as time develops, their full outcome and product only to be hoped and dimly guessed afar by men upon the earth. "He that hath ears to hear" can gather something, however, from the first, though the seed grow secretly, and the green blade hath not yet burst the brown mould.

Many words in the Sermon on the Mount, let us frankly admit, seem to us impossible. The day of their power has not come. We can in a degree understand the situation from certain other words which when first uttered were as strange as these, but which to us now are words

of power, and in their truth self-evident to the Christian conscience.

Shall we confine the idea of a development in the kingdom of God only to its outward growth? Shall we say the mustard-seed and tree refer only to the visible organization? Can we say that of the parable of the leaven?

Or shall we extend the idea to the development of doctrine, as a certain class of Roman theologians do, and stop *there?*

Is there not also a development in ethics? Is not that rather the development referred to, the connection of the words considered, when our Lord speaks of "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear"? Is it not the development of spiritual insight and power in "the kingdom of God" which "is within you"?

"Blessed are the peacemakers." Consider where those words were spoken, and to whom. Cast out from the great Sower's hand, they fell, a seed of life from heaven, upon the prepared or unprepared hearts of men.

And, looking at the men and the time, one would say, of all the seeds sown this is least likely to find due soil for growth.

"Nay," said the Roman, "the word has no meaning. Blessed are the war-makers, rather."

His whole race-instinct, his hereditary impulse, and the universal sentiment of his people, revolted against the word. Blessed might he be, indeed, who made peace as the result of war, if that peace were won even by the creation of a desert; but the blessing came not from the peace, but from the war that preceded the victory.

The most blessed man in all the world, the man who trod the heights of life and time in splendor, was the *imperator* returned from victory, crowned in his triumphal car, with the spoils of conquered provinces behind him, and the captives at his chariot-wheels, drawn slowly through Rome's shouting millions, up the Sacred Way, to the Capitol, in the day of the great triumph.

"Nay, blessed is the victor! Honor, thanks, triumph, to the successful war-makers and conquerors of men! Woe to the vanquished! Woe and sorrow to the weak and the failing! Happy are the strong, and thrice happy he who leads the legions to war, and returns for the laurel crown and the Senate's and the people's thanks!"

Here was the Roman sentiment; and the Lord's words were spoken in the Roman Empire, where, after all, that sentiment was predominant. But was it not Jewish sentiment as well? Among the Lord's own kin were the war-makers not

blessed, from Joshua the son of Nun, to Judas Maccabæus? No fiercer soldiers than the sons of Jacob ever fought, and no men more ready to follow and honor, and count thrice blessed, him who should make successful war on Rome, drive the legions from the sacred heritage, and set up the throne of the warrior David.

And yet the seed fell and grew. Among Romans, as among Jews, it grew. The strange, heavenly-sounding word fell gently upon the wrathful voices of a hateful and warring world, and the sound was not lost in all the fierce discordancy of human strife.

The years pass on. The seed-word germinates. In the dark it grows strong. And now the children of a race more warlike than the Roman at its fiercest, the children of the men that conquered Rome and drank the joy of battle as the wine of life, these children, no less warlike than their fathers, a brigade of whom could scatter like chaff the best army ever led by Cæsar, these children say, "Yea, blessed are the peacemakers. They are the children of God."

The greatest soldier of the century — "the great world-victor's victor" — said, "There is nothing so dreadful as a great victory, except a great defeat."

And the greatest soldier of our own land said, "I never wish again to see even a single regiment under arms for battle."

So that seed-word sown upon the mountain-side fell into the world's forbidding furrows, and, covered by the rough clods of trampled battle-fields, germinated even so, and grew. And now all Christian men accept it as a truth self-evident, an unassailable principle of action, an eternal law of the kingdom of God.

Here is another seed-word of the great Sower: "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you; but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

It is hard for us now fully to understand the idea of kingship or sovereignty when these words were spoken. It was entirely irresponsible in its highest conception. The great Oriental despotisms were governed as if existing for one man's pleasure, or one man's glory. Only in Israel, as far as we can see, had there been the sense that a king was responsible; and it was a sense only kept alive by all the prophets and all the judg-

ments of God. Otherwise, kingship and authority were held as private property for the glory and grandeur and pleasure of the owner. He gratified his insane desire for power, or his brutal lust for sensual pleasure, with no sense of responsibility to the gods or to men. Types surviving have come to us in some of the modern rajahs of India and in the king of Dahomey.

The Roman emperors imported the type into Europe, and fastened it upon the prostrate Republic. The emperor lived, and pursued his pleasure, gratified his brutal or his bloody lusts, and considered that he was there to do so, that this was the purpose and meaning of his supreme authority. He sat upon the world's high places, with abject millions under his feet, that he might by their means pursue his own delights, and have his brutal will in spite of gods and men.

A frightful portent on the earth, this diabolic perversion of the Divine idea of leadership and masterhood; and yet it lies in murky red, as of the pit of hell, upon the pages of all history, and men were content to have it so. There was no other theory held in Europe, Asia, or Africa, we may say, when the Lord spoke.

And here is a strange word to fall into such a

world. Who could receive it? It must lie for centuries slowly germinating in a world red by wars, darkened by tyrannies, groaning under cruelty, or dumb with despair, under the brutes that trampled its millions down. Who of all that heard that word could have received it as the law of man's government, because it is the eternal law of God's?

Society, as men then understood it, would be broken up in the attempt to rule on such principle. Even the apostles themselves had no understanding of the principle. They, too, dreamed of thrones and dominions for their own aggrandizement in the very kingdom of heaven. High-seated, with feet upon the necks of prostrate men, — this was, up to this moment, their notion of the high places Christ promised. Not till He died that men might live, not till the cross became his throne, and the crown of thorns his diadem, and his own blood his coronation purple, did they understand the infinite sweep of that law so passionlessly uttered by the Master. And it has been a hard thing to learn. All things were against it. The existing state of things gave no welcome to the germ-thought, nor would any existing state of things for ages to come. The seed was buried out of sight and

out of knowledge, among civilized and barbarian, Christian and heathen, equally.

But divine germs do not die. In due time the tiny shoot breaks the stained and trampled sod. It grows in storms, roots itself in a rocking world. And to-day, after eighteen hundred years, all Christian men acknowledge that the Lord in that utterance laid down the fundamental organic law of human society.

Authority exists not for the benefit of him who exercises it, but for the benefit of those upon whom it is exercised. The high place is no private possession. It exists that high service may be done. Its height is a vantage from which to work for those below. Only by the work done does any man hold title to the place. Exceptional in power, genius, leadership, foresight, he is sternly held to strict accountability. Under penalties, he must not use these great gifts for his own glory or his own pleasure. They are trusts to be used in human service. And the man most wonderfully endowed, and sitting on the necks of kings, as our own century has given us instance, is hurled from his high place and swept from all his greatness by an indignant human sentiment when he uses the great gifts and the great place for his own service and not the service of men.

So has that little seed-word dropped in Palestine grown, that it is a self-evident statement of fundamental truth. Our civilization stands upon it, all our constitutions, all the order of our settled government, all our political freedom.

Whether in our own Republic or in the constitutional sovereignty of the mother-land, whether it be president, king, queen, or emperor, whatsoever the form, the law lies below the same, — "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

Our own chief magistrate puts the principle in political phrase, but the same principle nevertheless, — "Public office is a public trust." And the greatest emperor of the age lies under the rain of his people's tears, his long life one unbroken witness to the principle that he and his were to wear the crown because no man in Germany toiled as the emperor toiled, and that day and night, from youth to ninety years, he was the servant of his people, and therefore their greatest. So we find some germs of the Master-Sower have grown.

Shall we despair of others of which we see no movement yet, no stirrings in the dark furrows of the world? Shall we say, because they have not shown green above the clods yet, that they are

not living seeds at all, or that the Lord's action is misunderstood, and He did not sow them?

I prefer to believe we have here examples of the condition and of the law of growth. The time is not ripe. But the seed is not dead. "The word of the Lord endureth forever." "In the heavens" at least it liveth, and the heavenly germs sown on earth have that eternal life, and wait their resurrection.

"I say unto you, that ye resist not evil." "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

They are hard sayings, we confess. Who can hear them? But they are no harder sayings to us than other sayings, in whose divine light and gentle human truth we now delight ourselves, once were to our fathers.

I think, even now, one can see some stirrings in the dead dust that covers them. The world grows a gentler rule. Revenge has taken up its dwelling among savages and half-savages. There is consideration for the meek, there is room in a selfish world for the poor in spirit, for the unaggressive, the non-resisting, the weak.

The cry of "*Vae victis!*" is heard on no battle-field longer: nations take no vengeance. The conquered are lifted from among the trampling

horse-hoofs, and the red cross of relief is alike sacred to contending hosts.

It is yet a wild, half-savage world, full of cruelty and unreason and brutality. But the clouds are lifting. I believe no man need fail to see the promise of the coming day. More and more the kingdom of the Child grows mighty. More and more the power of love and gentleness reveals itself. More and more revenge and wrath and hatred are hiding in the pit whence they came; and more and more pity, forgiveness, gentleness, and love are seen to be human, as we have so long preached them to be divine.

I can believe the hour is coming when men will accept the Lord's law of forgiveness as a self-evident spiritual statement, as they have accepted others I have named. It surely is the eternal law of the kingdom of God, the law on which, to the very letter, He Himself lived and died for our salvation. Being so, it shall some day surely be the visible and universally accepted law for men. They may be slow to act upon it, after its acknowledgment, as they have been slow upon others. Deeds will fall far short of professions, and many failures will obstruct. But that the day will come when the unprovoked wrong-doer will be looked upon somewhat as a madman or an

idiot is looked on now, I doubt not; when men will stand shocked and amazed at the smiter upon the right cheek, as upon some strange monstrosity of human nature, who must be kept in safety, examined, pitied, cured, and made human if it be possible, I doubt not. The world has seen growths as strange as this!

For we Christians are still the prisoners of hope. God's kingdom rules the future. We wait with patience. The kingdom cometh not with observation.

Our hope justifies our attitude. Christ's religion has not failed. After eighteen hundred years we are not shaken when men tell us "there has never yet been a Christian according to Christ's measure. No church, sect, or party has ever dared to lay down His plain law, and demand lives measured by it. And if He Himself should come and live, as He lived in Judæa, there is not a Christian community in which He would not be seized and restrained as an outcast or insane."

I say we are not shaken, because we see the Lord put His kingdom into the world subject to what we call natural laws, that is, subject to the way of His own order and working in the world. So He Himself declares. I have no right in reason or Scripture to expect it otherwise. The

growth is slow. Its slowness was foretold. It awaits the procession of the years, the words and works and thoughts of men. But there is growth, development, and I can see them with my eyes. "First the blade." It is possibly only blade-time yet. Certainly it is not the time of the full corn. But the blade is full earnest of the bending ears of the harvest.

And if God can wait, we can wait. Still from the lips of His Church will fall the words that find no ears that can hear. Still half our preaching is of things half understood, not believed, certainly not lived. Still the voice cries in the wilderness, and only its own echo comes back.

But we have the sure promise of the Master, and can confirm our wavering faith by past experience, that His Word shall endure forever, and that, some day, every utterance of the Eternal Word shall stand upon the earth and before the eyes of men confessed a living word of power, a law of the eternal kingdom of God in heaven and in earth alike.

Parish Lectures

ON THE

Prayer Book.

By WM. A. SNIVELY, D.D.

260 Pages.
Cloth Binding
Price $1.25.

From the Presiding Bishop.

Dr. Snively's "Parish Lectures on the Prayer Book" seem to me admirably adapted for the purpose for which they were written. They are simple, clear and to the point.

They are certainly an excellent help in that duty which is by canon laid upon "ministers of this Church, who have charge of parishes or cures," that they be "diligent in informing the youth and others in the Doctrine, Constitution, History and Liturgy of the Church."

Very truly yours, J. WILLIAMS.

From "The Churchman."

As these lectures are for parish use, they do not enter upon doubtful or disputed topics. They are eminently conservative, but they are well guarded from the danger which might easily follow of being commonplace.

There is a clearness and directness of style which makes their presentation of even the most obvious truths regarding the Prayer Book interesting and felicitous.

This volume seems to us to be admirably adapted for the use of those who are desirous to know more about the Church services than mere acquaintanceship with their customary order can give.

There are many more people than one commonly supposes, who would gladly know more about the Prayer Book than they do, and yet are diffident about asking.

We find that Dr. Snively's book fills this important place, and we are glad to call our readers' attention to it.

From "The Brooklyn Daily Eagle."

"Parish Lectures on the Prayer Book" is one of the most sumptuous looking religious publications of the season. It is from the "DeVinne Press."

THOMAS WHITTAKER, PUBLISHER, | 2 and 3 Bible House, NEW YORK.

Living Voices

OF

Living Men.

Practical Sermons by Bishops and other Clergy of the Church, intended for Family and Lay reading.

256 Pages, 12mo.
Cloth Binding.
Price $1.25.

They are what most of us desire such productions to be—plain, practical and brief.—*Mail and Express.*

We observe no extravagance or straining for effect, yet in every case the tone is devout and practical, and the volume is adapted to do great good.—*N. Y. Observer.*

There is no need of an extended criticism of this volume, the title and table of contents speak for themselves. We are sure that no commendation of ours is needed to increase the sale of this timely and valuable collection of sermons.—*The Churchman.*

The preface from the graceful pen of Dr. Cushman excites the desire to read the sermons, and the desire grows by what it feeds upon. Here are sermons by men whom we know and admire, who are eminent in the teaching office. It was a happy thought of Mr. Whittaker to publish this volume, and we cordially join the hope expressed in the preface that it will meet with such a welcome as to justify not only a second, but an annual volume of like character.—*Living Church.*

The whole spirit and purpose of the discourses is the inculcation of such practical truths as are of every-day need in this busy, vexing, perverse, distracting world, to uplift, to cheer, to strengthen and to inspire. The love of Christ (subjective and objective) is the key-note of the volume, and from this come strains that tell us of content, purity, work, habits, friends, temptations, worldliness, decision, and paradise.—*The Critic.*

THOMAS WHITTAKER, PUBLISHER, | 2 and 3 Bible House, NEW YORK.

(OVER.)

FUTURE RETRIBUTION,

Viewed in the Light of Reason and Revelation.

By

THE REV. C. A. ROW, M.A.

Octavo, Cloth binding. Price, $2.50.

"A very valuable book which will bring out in a very strong light to all careful readers, the remarkable discrepancy between the reticence of Scripture, and the confidence with which ecclesiastical literature has treated the subject. . . . We feel very thankful to Mr. Row for stating the question plainly, and making its direct bearing on our faith in the justice of God, as clear as he does."—*Spectator.*

"Every reasonable Christian would be a gainer by reading this book."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Mr. Row's style and manner is just what it ought to be—plain, calm, and dignified, like the great Church of which he is a Canon. Such books as this meet a grave want of the day in a manner calculated to deepen alike its reverence and its rectitude."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"This is certainly one of the most important contributions ever made to the study of Christian Eschatology. . . . It has a fulness of systematic treatment which belongs to no previous treatise on the subject."—*Church Bells.*

"An earnest, skilful, and interesting book."—*The Critic.*

THOMAS WHITTAKER,

2 and 3 Bible House, - - New York.

The Late Bishop of Ely's Sermons.

Sermons on Subjects from the Old Testament.

Sermons on Subjects from the New Testament.

By JAMES RUSSELL WOODFORD, D.D.,
Sometime Lord Bishop of Ely.

EDITED BY

HERBERT MORTIMER LUCKOCK, D. D.,
Author of "After Death," Etc.

2 Volumes, 12mo, Cloth. Price, $2.50.

"It is the reality of faith which gives to the words of the preacher their living effect, and this reality was one of the ingredients in James Russell Woodford's oratorical power. His renown, as a preacher, was not the result of place or position. * * * Another qualification which is conspicuous in these Sermons is the unpolemical character of his mind. His mode of meeting error was by confronting it by positive and dogmatic teaching of the truth. He rather left the truth to speak for itself instead of wrangling with an opponent. And a third quality, which is essential in a preacher, is that of sympathy. This was a marked feature of the character of Dr. Woodford, and may be traced in both these volumes. It was a sympathy which arose from self-forgetfulness and was not merely the expression of an emotional nature." * * * These volumes form a solid contribution to the homiletic literature of our Church.—*The Literary Churchman.*

THOMAS WHITTAKER,
2 and 3 Bible House, - - New York.

TWO WORKS FOR BIBLE READERS.

A Handbook of Biblical Difficulties; or, Reasonable Solutions of Perplexing Things in Sacred Scripture. Edited by Rev. ROBERT TUCK, B.A. With ample indexes. 568 pages. 8vo, cloth, $2.50.

"This book, we think, will prove very helpful to many minds. Ours is a sceptical age. Never before has the Bible had to meet so many and such fierce assaults. It has been attacked by the critic, the scientist, the historian, and the moralist. Its difficulties have been exaggerated and its meanings misrepresented. Objections are brought against it everywhere, among the working as well as among cultured scholars. And what we need is a fair reasonable reply to these objections; a satisfactory explanation of the difficulties which every thoughtful mind encounters in reading the Bible. This is furnished us, to a large extent, in the book before us. It is the work of a calm, judicious scholar, who seems to know just what is required by perplexed minds at the present time. It is characterised throughout by good sense, avoiding on the one hand the manufacturer of difficulties, and not shrinking, on the other, from such as are real."—*The Church Press.*

Echoes of Bible History. By W. PAKENHAM WALSH, D.D., Bishop of Ossory. With fifty illustrations. 12mo, cloth, $1.50.

"It is a valuable work, and we do not know where so much knowledge can be obtained concerning recent discoveries, in so small a compass."—*Churchman.*

"Very little that has occurred in the annals of Biblical Archæology during the last half century is here omitted."—*The Critic.*

THOMAS WHITTAKER,

2 and 3 Bible House, - - New York.

Sermons Preached to Harrow Boys

In the Years 1885 *and* 1886.

By REV. J. E. C. WELLDON, M.A.,

Head Master of Harrow School.

12mo, Cloth. Price, $1.50.

"This is a very interesting and admirable series of Sermons. Mr. Welldon seems thoroughly to understand a boy audience. He puts his mind fairly to theirs, shows them his own familiarity and sympathy with school life, uses the illustrations and relates the anecdotes that will tell best with them. As a rule the sermons that will tell with the boys are also very useful for children of larger growth. It used to be said of Macaulay that he wrote like a schoolboy, and both schoolboys and men are voracious readers of his volumes. It would as well that the fathers of the Harrow boys should read these sermons as well as the boys themselves. The list of the subjects is singularly attractive, for indeed Mr. Welldon seems extremely well *en rapport* with the subjects of discussion that are at present uppermost, and indeed will always be uppermost, less or more, to thoughtful minds."—*The Literary World*, London.

The Bird's Nest and Other Sermons

For Children of all Ages.

By THE REV. SAMUEL COX, D.D.

Late Editor of "The Expositor."

12mo, cloth. Price, $1.50.

"An excellance should be noted as pervading the volume: The absence of false sentimentality and the presentation of motives that tend to foster a sturdy, thoughtful, earnest Christian life in the boys and girls. Children need such motives, and, in fact, they prefer to listen to discourses which make such appeals. They are far less easily deceived by clap-traps and tawdry sentiment than many older people. For this reason the expository method seems especially fiitted to interest as well as instruct them. *The volume will suggest to many pastors the correct view of preaching to children."—The Sunday School Times.*

THOMAS WHITTAKER,

2 and 3 Bible House, - - New York.

THE GROWTH OF CHURCH INSTITUTIONS.

By THE REV. EDWIN HATCH, D.D.,

Author of Bampton Lectures on the "Organization of the Early Christian Churches."

12mo, cloth, $1.50.

"Dr. Hatch places himself upon the ground of an original investigator. He borrows little from previous explorers; he treads in the steps of no other student; he collects facts with untiring assiduity, and draws his conclusions with bold and serene independence."—*The New York Independent.*

"We are struck, as we read, by the dispassionateness of the present writer, his aim to be not controversial but simply historical being evident on every page."—*The Living Church.*

"It will be read of necessity by every bright divinity student and certainly by every thinking clergyman in the United States within the year, and will do more to put our ecclesiastical matters upon a secure and sensible footing than any other work of its kind, always excepting its precursor in the Bampton Lectures of the same author, that has appeared in English during the present century."—*The Boston Herald.*

Dr. Cheyne's New Work.

JOB AND SOLOMON,

Or the Wisdom of the Old Testament.

By THE REV. T. K. CHEYNE, M.A., D.D.,

Oral Professor of Interpretation at Oxford. Author of "A Commentary on the Prophecies of Isaiah," etc.

8vo, cloth, $2.25.

"Professor Cheyne is one of the leaders in that English school of Biblical Criticism which unites with the thoroughness and fearlessness of the Germans, candor, good judgment, and reverential spirit peculiarly its own. In the present volumes he treats from the critical standpoint the books of Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and Ecclesiasticus; and the preface holds out a hope, which we trust may be realized, that in a future volume Psalms, Lamentations, and the 'Song of Songs' may be similarly discussed. Such books are a boon to educated Christians, putting within their reach, in not too abtruse or bulky form, the results of modern scholarship and inquiry. If they combat on the one hand, many received traditional notions, they give, on the other hand, much more than they take away, imparting fresh interest and value to many passages which are in general reverentially 'skipped' as mysteriously obscure, or used as arsenals of texts, to be taken out singly and fearfully misapplied in the service of dogmatic theology."—*Christian Union.*

THOMAS WHITTAKER,

2 and 3 Bible House, - - New York.

Two Books for the Times.

The Vine Out of Egypt. By Rev. Wm. Wilberforce Newton, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Pittsfield, Mass. 12mo, paper covers. Price, 50 cents.

The volume is a history of the growth and development of the Episcopal Church in America with especial reference to the church life of the future. The author gives a history of the movement towards federated unity which resulted in the formation of the congress of churches. The last chapter is an appeal to the church not to risk its leadership by the perilous policy of a change of name. The volume will undoubtedly create quite an interest among the thinkers of the day, and its advent is awaited with eagerness.

Protestant Episcopal Church Doctrine and Church Unity. By the Rev. C. M. Butler, D.D., Late Prof. in the Divinity School, West Philadelphia. 16mo, cloth, 60 cents; paper, 25 cents.

From The Church.—"The book is eminently worthy of perusal, and a careful perusal, by men of every school of thought in our Church. The author brings to the subjects of which he treats a fair and open mind, as well as a mind fully instructed in that particular department of ecclesiastical knowledge. . . . The question is a most important one always, and a superlatively important one just now: What is the position of the Protestant Episcopal Church, doctrinally considered, as defined by herself? This question Dr. Butler undertakes to answer, gathering his answer from the Prayer Book, from its 'Offices' and 'Articles.' What is the position of our Church in her teaching concerning the Church Catholic and her own relation to it; what concerning the Episcopacy; what concerning the Sacraments; and how do all these bear upon the subject of Church Unity, now so prominently brought before us by the action of the House of Bishops in the late General Convention? These are vital subjects, and in this book are handled in a masterly way, with ample knowledge and a strict logical acumen. . . . We would be glad to see such a book widely distributed and published in such a form as would make its widest distribution feasible. Benjamin Watson."

THOMAS WHITTAKER,

2 and 3 Bible House, - - New York.

Reduced in Price from $2.00 to $1.00, net.

RELIGION;

A Revelation and a Rule of Life.

SERMONS AND ESSAYS

By THE REV. WILLIAM KIRKUS, M.A., LL.B.

12mo, cloth, uncut, $1.00. Net.

From The Churchman.—"Mr. Kirkus is so well known not only as an eloquent and stirring preacher, but also as one of our ablest and clearest writers, and the present volume thoroughly sustains his well-deserved reputation. The reader is so carried on by his glowing, inconventional style, and by a freshness of tone and freedom of touch rarely found in sermons, that he is sure to be interested even if he cannot always agree. . . . *Sermons like these ought to be in the libraries of every clergyman in the country.*"

From The Christian World, London.—"It is a living, thoughtful and powerful exhibition of the writer's best intellectual and religious convictions, which will be cordially welcomed by his old friends and admirers."

From The Church Record.—"It is refreshing in these days of loose thinking and careless speaking, when sentimental fancies are substituted on account of their novel beauty for the verities of the olden faith, to take up a book so strong, vigorous, and scholarly as the one before us. The writer, whose keen, critical insight and power of separating the wheat from the chaff, are well known to thinkers in the Church, has herewith given us a volume that will bear reading, and repeated reading, and both furnish abundance of digested thoughts and be fruitful in stimulating thoughts in others."

THOMAS WHITTAKER,

2 and 3 Bible House, - - New York.

RECENT SUCCESSFUL BOOKS.

Records of an Active Life. By HEMAN DYER, D.D. 8vo, cloth, beveled, gilt tops, $2.00.

"Few men in ecclesiastical life have had better opportunities of knowing the affairs and men of the time, and fewer have used their opportunities with such wisdom. Dr. Dyer has, through a long and varied life, shown all the gentleness of Dr. Muhlenberg, and all the wisdom of Bishop Potter. This gentleness made him great in the best sense of greatness, and his wisdom made him powerful."—*The N. Y. Observer.*

The Recent Past from a Southern Standpoint. Reminiscences of a Grandfather. By the Rt. Rev. R. H. WILMER, D.D., Bishop of Alabama. With five portraits. 8vo, cloth, $2.00.

"Fact, humor, wit, and strong feeling mark the strong man, and this mark is very plain upon every page of the 'Recent Past.'"—*The Church Magazine.*

Liturgies and Offices of the Church. For the use of English Readers, in Illustration of the Book of Common Prayer. By EDWARD BURBIDGE, M.A. 12mo, cloth, $2.50.

Ecclesia Anglicana. A History of the Church of Christ in England from the Earliest to the Present Times. By ARTHUR CHARLES JENNINGS, M.A. 12mo, cloth, red edge, $2.25.

The Gospel and the Age. Sermons on Special Occasions. By W. C. MAGEE, D.D., Lord Bishop of Peterborough. Crown octavo, cloth, $2.00.

The Spirit in Prison, and Other Studies on the Life After Death. By E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D. *New and Revised Edition, Fifth Thousand.* Crown octavo, cloth, $2.00.

THOMAS WHITTAKER,

2 and 3 Bible House, - - New York.

The Theological Educator.

EDITED BY THE

REV. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A.,

Editor of "The Expositor."

Under this title will be published a series of Manuals which will give a solid and trustworthy grounding in all branches of Theological study. It is remarkable that, while such works on literature and science abound, the field in Theology is still unoccupied.

The books will be written by men recognized as authorities on their subjects. They will be specially adapted to the needs of those preparing for examinations in Theology, as well as for popular instruction.

While the manuals will be specially useful to Theological Students, the clearness and simplicity of their style will, it is hoped, attract the many laymen interested in these subjects; while their freshness and scholarship will make them interesting even to proficients in Theology.

The price of each Manual will be 75 cents, net; and will be published at short intervals. Early orders solicited for either single volumes or the entire set.

NOW READY.

A Manual of Christian Evidences. By the Rev. PREBENDARY ROW, M.A.

"It discusses the principal questions involved in a vigorous and popular style. It is an admirable compend and worthy of a wide circulation."—*The Interior*, Chicago.

An Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament. By the Rev. Prof. B. B. WARFIELD, D.D.

"It supplies precisely the hand-book which teachers in this field can place in the hands of their students, confident of its accuracy and conformity to the latest and best sources of information."—*The New Englander*.

A Hebrew Grammar. By the Rev. W. H. Lowe, M.A., Joint-Author of "A Commentary on the Psalms," &c., &c.; Hebrew Lecturer, Christ's College, Cambridge.

"It is well furnished with tables and pedigrees, and with a Bible and dictionary at hand the student will find most of the barriers to his progress removed."—*The Independent.*

A Manual of the Book of Common Prayer, showing its History and Contents. By the Rev. Charles Hole, B.A., Professor at King's College, London.

A Manual of Church History. In Two Parts. By the Rev. A. C. Jennings, M.A., Author of "Ecclesia-Anglicana," &c.

The Apostle's Creed. By the Rev. J. E. Yonge, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; and Assistant Master in Eton College.

IN PREPARATION.

A Grammar of New Testament Greek. By the Rev. William Henry Simcox, M.A., late Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, &c.

An Introduction to the Old Testament. By the Rev. C. H. H. Wright, D.D., late Bampton Lecturer, &c.

An Introduction to the New Testament. By the Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D.

The Thirty-Nine Articles. By the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, M.A., Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge.

Preaching. By the Rev. Canon S. Reynolds Hole, M.A.

A Guide to Theological Literature. By the Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D., and the Editor.

THOMAS WHITTAKER,

2 and 3 Bible House, - - New York.

Princeton Theological Seminary Libraries
1 1012 01235 7754

Date Due

[redacted]

[redacted]

PRINTED IN U.S.A.